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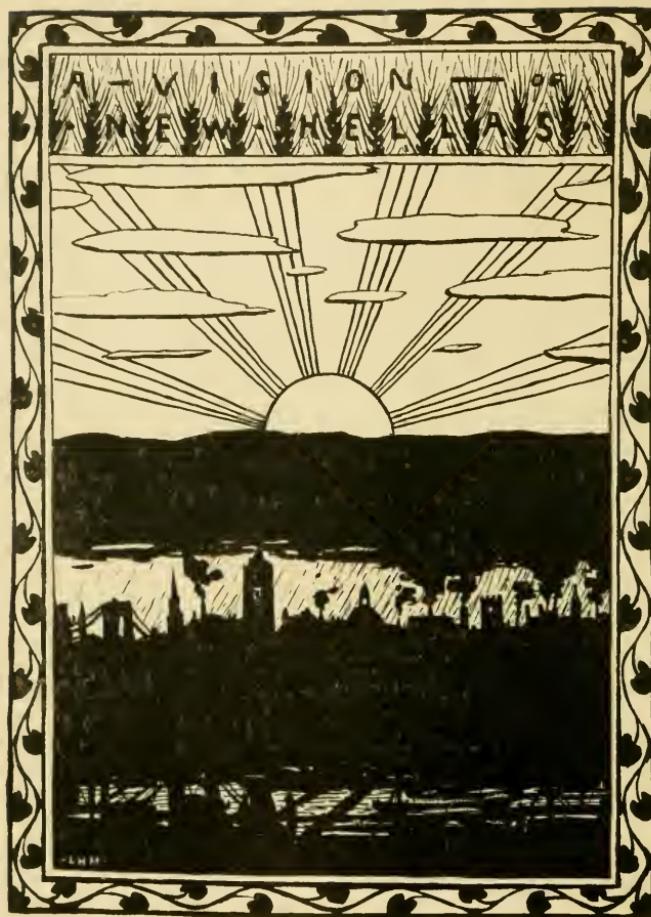
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SONGS OF
AMERICAN DESTINY



"All hail to the God who died—of man's woe, in man's stead;
now deathless and glorified,—King of the blessed dead!"



Songs of American Destiny
A Vision of New Hellas
By William Norman Guthrie

DECORATED
BY L. H. MEAKIN



CINCINNATI
THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY

1900

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To
CHARLES B. WILBY, ESQ.,
who sees
“no reason in nature” for those “hard hearts”
that beat not to rhythm
and rhyme,
this little book is dedicated
in token of friendship.

PREFACE.



OR ten years, the maker of these Songs of American Destiny has experimented more or less incessantly with rhythm and rhyme. It has been his desire not merely to acquaint himself practically with the known technique of English verse, but if possible to increase its extant resources.

The Blank Verse of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson has wondrous possibilities—but for lyric work seemed unpromising. Every rhyme system on the other hand was necessarily to some extent mechanical—a preexisting form the molten poesy must fill. That rhythm may vary with mood, betray its ebb, announce its flow, its sudden turn of tide—make calms felt and storms—he had cause to believe from theory; and Heine's North Sea poems, certain scenes of Faust, and pieces by Matthew Arnold like "The Future" verified the theory. Translating Leopardi's "Ginestra" (printed in *Modern Poet Prophets: Essays Critical and Inter-*

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

pretrative, as illustration of the poet's best work) much was learned of the plastic rhythm, picturesque, self-adaptive, in which allignment indicates pauses, usually such as are not syntactic but passional or merely of the verse. "The Lion," which appeared some months past in "To Kindle the Yule Log," was the first experiment that gave its author a sense of success.

In the present work the narrative, the dramatic, the descriptive and the directly lyric portions are thus wrought out in rhythms—very much bound indeed, though the fetters, to be sure, are unapparent. A theme is taken, developed, caused to recur, to assert itself in changed guise, with novel stress, and made to characterize an entire section. For the following stanzas some other theme will serve in like fashion. Should a mood or image reappear the theme previously associated therewith may or may not be pressed into service once again.

As for the dramatic lyrics—formal digressions from the story, efforts at vivid realization of particular figures or moments of the myth—they have been rhymed, but no fixed system was adopted. The rhyme is employed with a full appreciation of its binding energy, its power to hold together looser rhythms,—in fact for its license rather than its tyranny. Besides it sharply distinguished the passages representing song, from those suggestive of

PREFACE

passionate speech. So the orgyastic rhyme recommended itself most especially to the maker of these songs, as serving his peculiar end.

There is a disposition in looking at a work—if not such as has already been often done before—to fault the author for every innovation, charitably excusing him sometimes on the score of youth and ignorance. This preface appears only to compel such critics to an honester blame, one without reserve and apology—or to praise—their eyes open to the risk they run by failing to censure.

In this book no promise is given, but, such as it is, a performance. Let it be considered as that—for good or ill. No true artist wants attention diverted from his work to his person. No true artist wishes his critic to indulge in hopes—but to do his business—criticise, *i. e.* study, and give the public the results of his study. He asks not for advice. He has no need of patronization. Furthermore, the artist should be wholly unreckful of praise or blame however much—yea—overmuch they may concern him as man. The artist hopes to please, to please by what is noble, and knows well that he must also, in his earnest effort to yield novel delight, give offense unto such as make of their past enjoyment a dogma damning the future; appending to their creeds the anathema that shall make new ideas smart because

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

of their impertinent desire for objective existence (like Homunculus in his crystal) ere yet their vital hope be realized!

The artist asks only that such as have received a thrill—a moment's joy—shall have the courage to speak of it to others, not that he may get praise, but the work do its duty—of making richer the human world in things of the spirit that quicken and delight. To the carpers—let notice be plainly served: this work did not intend to resemble any known performance—or differ from any, for the matter of that. It had one only ambition—to be the self it is. It announces no successors. It dares to claim a free use of the present tense. Let it be then, condemned by the fit—however few—rather than acclaimed as a pledge and promise by careless perusers, and senseless echoers of other men's opinions.

Such arrogance is necessary to the artist's life. Let the public know it can inflict punishment only on the man. For the artist will work on (whether the public purrs, grunts, blinks, winks, looks away,) will never desist from the labor of realizing as best he can such Visions of Beauty as are vouchsafed to him, assured of the truth of Goethe's words: "the Will of Man is his Kingdom of Heaven. A perpetual necessity vexes: impotence in execution is horrible: a continuous volition, however, delights;

PREFACE

and in a mighty will one may take comfort even for the impotence of execution."

Meanwhile, the printer has been instructed (somewhat to his amazement and discomfiture) to dispense with the usual luxury of initial capitals. An alignment shall indicate a pause—a rhythmic one—not a syntactical one unless the alignment be reinforced by punctuation marks. Hence what capitals appear upon the page will facilitate reading, have actual significance.

The thread of the poem is given in a series of marginal rubrics (suggested by the Ancient Mariner); but no particular pains have been taken to provide them with independent literary merit. They are for use, not ornament.

Then too with irregular stanzaic structure it seemed distinctly the printer's duty to facilitate reference by numerals.

The "Song of Songs," finally, appears as fourteen poems, so that he who in his sloth of spirit abhorreth a long work—or who like Poe disbelieveth on principle in its right to existence—may read them separately. The Hymns (pieces 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 14,) could be taken out of their context with relatively slight loss. The remaining eight parts would suffer more or less severely in consequence of such treatment. Still, they are prepared to suffer all things rather than spoil the reader's temper—for theirs at

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

least can be trusted to seek no revenge by slander of the ill user.

In conclusion, reverting to the matter previously touched upon, it must be clear that no disregard of the reader's prejudices has dictated any innovations; no wish to be singular, no purpose to shock. Hence can not the maker of these Songs ask in all frankness whether the impertinence of him who praises his own work—suggesting that frequent perusals may possibly be required for a full appreciation of its merits;—whether such usually unprinted impertinence is more odious—or less—than the conceit of him who publishes what he professes to be ashamed of, asking on editorial knees pardon for the sin he intends committing with poetical feet? What of arrogance which professes itself too poor for notice, and whines if the edition be not straightway exhausted?

Should the maker be mistaken, the sorrow is his and the shame. The reader has lost a few minutes, at most hours—the writer years—some of the best of his life. And yet it is great comfort to the maker that his creation has given him pleasure—that as he surveyed it his soul pronounced no mere “not bad” but a decided “good”—nay to be honest a “very good”—“better than he had hoped”—“better than some readers may deserve.” And he fancies there may be found some of his fellows who

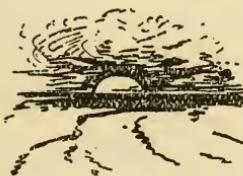
PREFACE

shall feel with him. The chance is at all events better than his who hath experienced before publication most grievous searchings of heart, blushes of hypocritical shame, and tremors of vanity wounded to the quick.

Let the reader be apprized that the beauty of the book to his eye is due to the generous expense of pains and time on the part of the artist, Mr. L. H. Meakin, and the kindly assistance of Mr. J. H. Gest, of the Cincinnati Art Museum, in seeing it through the press. And may not the publishers come in for a share of the purchaser's gratitude—considering that they have attempted to realize an ideal, rather than lose their souls in calculations of sordid cost?

W. N. GUTHRIE.

Cincinnati, October, 1899.



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TO THE MUSE



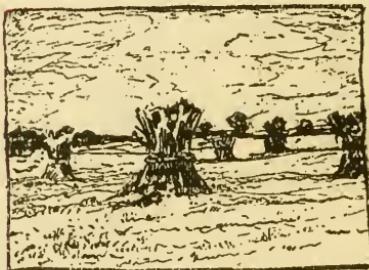
Great was the joy of vision—the surprise
of its first flash upon my spirit's eyes;
happy the prospect of poetic work,
and proud the will no slightest task to shirk
imposed by One who gave me to behold
part of his beauty seen by men of old
in Hellas. Nor could difficulties shake
my resolution, howe'er sore the ache
of fevered brow and temples. Whence endued
was thus my soul with sacred fortitude?
From whom the patience till the stubborn brain,
once more obedient to the spirit sane,
ecstatic toiled? From thee, O best One, came
the best: thy praise reward sufficient, and thy blame
in hesitant look and tone, supplying will
for renewed effort. Thou who dost fulfill
all prayers of mine for truth, beauty, and good,
in thine own self, thy blessed womanhood,
intelligent eye, and subtly smiling lip,
making earth heaven in the dear fellowship
of thee and me,—thine be the reader's thank
if never the song to ground exhausted sank,
if on it speeded, spurning still low things,
strong pinions spread of twin imaginings,
to leap the chasms that broke athwart its course;
thine be all joy therein—mine the remorse
that with thy help the song should not surpass
all songs e'er sung of men. My shame, alas!—
yet as thine eye, O dearest, I consult—
in what is thine my soul can but exult.



PART I
THE FORESONG



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The civilization of his day, (symbolized by his city in most odious atmospheric conditions,) fills the poet with a disgust of living. Yet he climbs a hill (of Hellenic culture) thence, to take, above the smoke-pall of sordidness, his last look at the heaven of all encompassing beauty.

THE FORESONG



I

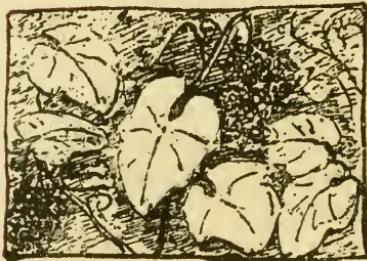
OUT of the town,
drench'd by a penetrant
wind-driven dust of rain,
fast-gluing to the walls soot-flakes
5 from grimy house-tops swept;
paving courts, alleys, streets
with a viscous mire; compacting
the smoke-roof, propped by towers,
spires, factory-chimneys, that threaten
10 under the mass enormous
to topple, and smother all life
with gloom and stifling dismay;
out of the dusk, wet, slime
of the hideous town
15 my soul was fain to escape—
stand on some dominant height
for a moment,—behold
once again the heav'n bare,
vibrant with sun,
20 or die!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Industry cannot of itself seem noble, nor justify existence. Its modern proportions but belittle the soul.



And trade completes the degradation which industry commences, till the things of the spirit are held



THE FORESONG



II

For, one forge
of Hephaestus, the lame God,
seemed modern civilization.

A million anvils ring
25 with the blows of his sledge; to view
dissolving, on axles of light,
the huge wheels dizzily gyrate;
vast,—as of Titans, in Tartarus
fetter'd,—adamant knees
30 protrude, fold, stretch
with an agony rhythmical;
and the force of their breath
convulsive, the electric might
of their anger, by unwearying pull and push
35 scintillant beams convey
in the service of
pigmy man!

III

For, modern civilization
seem'd but the temple profane
40 whose God,—Hermes of liars and thieves!
Yards, choking with goods, his courts
of high praise; ware-houses grim



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

cheap because
unfit for barter
and sale.



Arraigning
these only Gods,
these effectively
dominant ideals
of his fellows,
he did not ad-
mit to himself
his hope of find-
ing a consola-
tion in philos-
ophy.

THE FORESONG



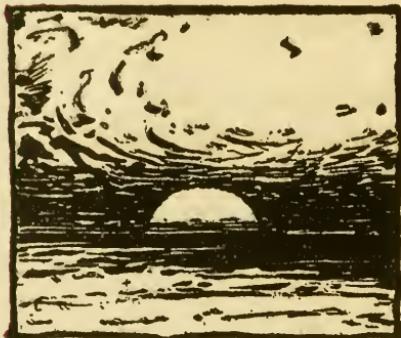
his places most holy; throng'd marts,
(the booths, his altars!) shops, stores,
45 and their counters for sacrifice
constant—the sacred resorts
of his popular worship. The streets
his, with skurry of vehicles,
whirr, rattle, roar
50 of cars that transport
votaries from shrine to shrine.
On tracks, from all regions convergent,
snort, bellow,
shriek, jar with their train,
55 locomotives, to freight quick and dead
at phrenetical speed for His sake
alone, whose victims, whose slaves,
whose merchandise are all!

IV

Hephaestus, artificer lame,—
60 Hermes, covetous, cunning,—
Gods of our time,
what have ye made of the race
once human? no beauty, no valor, no love!
Industry?—trade?—an ignoble war,
65 man clutching the throat of his fellow
to compel him disgorge his gold!
Dishearten'd, dispirited,



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



But when above
the smoke pall
of sordidness, he
found the heav-
en shrouded by
vast rain-clouds
of philosophic
pessimism and
of religion false-
ly so called.



THE FORESONG



yet with one hope unavowed in my soul,
I climb'd the steep mount of culture
70 Hellenic, for vision of better things—
or, a scornful farewell to the world.

V

Far roll'd soon under my sight
astonish'd, the black voluminous surge
of smoke—drear sky of who drudge
75 in the city below. But, up-looking, my soul
cried, passionate, for instant release:
no rift of the heaven so achingly crav'd!
Overhead, a vague expanse—
infinite cloud,—
80 the general despondency thick
atheistical, whence—cold
wind-driven dust of rain!
Nought, nought,
for the baffled eye of the spirit
85 but the grey illimitable,
shredding out rags of willess despair
loathly loose
into the flood of crass murk
infernal, whose tumbling waves at my feet
90 froth'd pitch!

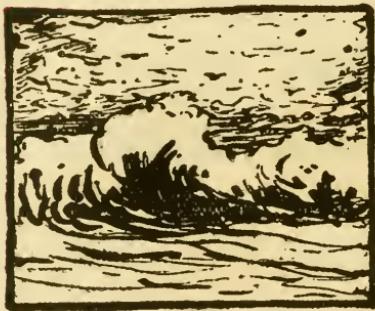




PART II
A SONG OF SONGS



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



There appear-
eth to the poet a
vision as of the
goddess of har-
vest-home, who
seemeth com-
forted of some
dole by a spirit-
ual solicitude
for the weal of
others, and self-
oblivious benef-
icence.



THE VISION OF DEMETER



THE VISION OF DEMETER

I

Behold
(if lore of names and of powers
godly thou have, to assure
fear-fascinate eyes)

5 and declare,
O rebellious soul,
Who she be that walketh
the welter of reek, as glebe
blast-plough'd, gust-harrow'd, rain-sown?

10 Mark
(though shrouded in ample, grey
mist-robes,) how shy
moves she, and hesitant,—
wont to solitudes only of fields
15 for miles under noon-sun aware,
where crickets, incessant
make hysterical mirth
lest whispers, (o'er-heard from lips
not of flesh in shuddering, heavy wheat-ears,) 20

dismay the silly folk small
who flutter, creep, bask in the weeds
or the seams of the tolerant ground.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The poet, awed
by the deity, is
drawn by the
mother in her,
and recognizes
the great Dem-
eter of Eleusis.



THE VISION OF DEMETER



What shine—

wistful, unearthly

25 not glad,—in her eyes?

(Yet so, under banks dusk-green
of heart-shap'd shields, fretted
at edges, hang not the violets
of coy delight their sweet heads?

30 peep they not timorous, tear-twinkling
at foot-sore passers-by?)

Yea, and not sorrowful

seemeth her mouth:

kind, as of one who her best

35 giveth, for meed no-wise
of devotion or praise, but of strenuous
necessity,—love, so great that it knoweth
itself not, simple,
serene!

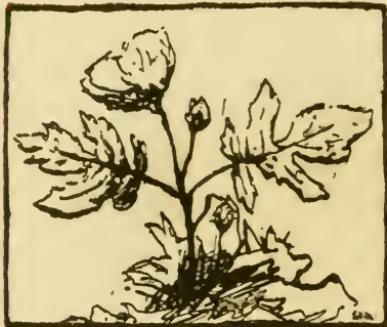
II

40 Who art thou, lofty of stature,
noble of countenance,—hands
extended as proffering solace?
Mother of peace by endurance
won, and of plenty wrested

45 thro' sweat and patient abiding
from soil else barren, I know thee!
Dumb with awe
at thy presence, shadowy



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The apparition
or the poet's own
spirit (which it
be he cannot
say) addresseth
itself to console
him,

telling the na-
ture of Deme-
ter's immortal
sorrow, which
sprang of her
joy in love, and
her love of joy,



THE VISION OF DEMETER

Goddess, (whose virginal breast
50 pillow'd the turbulent
sea-lord, earth-shaker Poseidon,) dumb should I be, undesirously
reverend, save that thy mother's
palpitant heart, of tenderness
55 infinite for comely Persephone,
draweth, Eleusynian Demeter,
to thee!



III

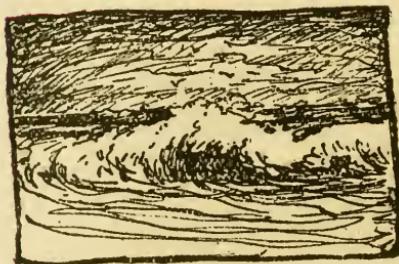
Nigher she came,
loving lips parted, and words
60 sorrow-wise, spake she of counsel,
of comfort holy (repose
in tone, in gracious demeanor,
in wonderful gaze benign;) so, that who utter'd I knew not
65 (a voice in my soul? or the speech
of her eyes, of her mouth?) the soundless confession of truth.

IV

“Rightly, O son, thou deemest
most ancient of woe-begone, loving Ones
70 me! Is there gorge
of distress impassable, heath snow-bound
by savage winds harried, sun-scorch'd



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



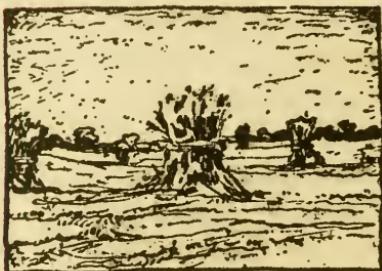
THE VISION OF DEMETER



stony waste, untrod of my feet
in the day of cruel bereavement
75 bruis'd sore, and bleeding? Hot tears,
inconsolable, wept I not
ages long?—Hearken my tale!
The queen of plough'd lands, purple-mantled
at dawn of the year, (through the quiet
80 winter-nights wooed) to the storm-god of sea
a daughter I bore. From babe
in few days (or so seem'd they)
miraculously budded she, bloom'd she
to maidenhood gracious,—as sunbeams
85 light-footed, like wells that up-bubble
laughter-brimming. For hers,
all bursting buds; hers, all uncurling
fronds tender; all leaves, (golden-pale
ere the sky of its blue tint them green,)
90 hers alone: most belov'd, most lovable,
yea, and of spirits the loveliest. Yet she
daughter of Goddess
immortal, (mighty to bless, to curse
with abundance or famine,) yet she,
95 daughter of God
terrific, (whose wave steeds foamy-man'd neigh
as they run, paw, leap, fierce-rending
with bitless mouths the wrecks of stoutest-
bow'd ships,
she, she, rap'd of the fearful gloom,



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



and also how she was comforted in her bereavement by a vision of the joy at the core of things, and all enfolding, — a joy sincere, unironical, self-communicative



THE VISION OF DEMETER

100 bride of death, queen of hell? She
not undying? Bare wold, cold flood
eternal?—yet she—
the blossom sea-father'd, earth-mother'd, she, she
perisheth?

105 Ev'r under heav'n hath woman, hath man
known pangs that I suffer'd not
direr, acuter? The evil-eyed, gloating,
my torment, insatiate, beheld. Not mine
the refuge of silence that brooks

110 no intrusion; to life
without end, to despair
everlasting, doom'd!"

V

115 "But out of the bed-rock of grief, stark,
gelid,—no Zeus-hurl'd bolt
could shatter,—of its own extreme
tension asunder cloven, forth-gush'd
Solace, a crystal-pure fount, that quench'd
(as I stoop'd me fever-hot lips
to cool) the death-thirst. Then I hated no more
120 the order unchanging of causes, the chain
link in link of events without first
without last. Then, no more
wept I, perversely, to see the sun's vigor
of youth unabated; and over the shift

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Learning that
death is the
author of life's
glory, she wept
no more for the
lost Persephone.



THE VISION OF DEMETER

125 and drift of low cloud, star-radiant still
the blue firmamental,
unwrinkled with thought. Then, then
I perceiv'd, the Rapture (in all that is
latent, and far out-reaching beyond
130 the uttermost nought) implied for care and care
human no scorn derisive:—reckless
of mind-fret and heart-ache (strange
to itself, and irrelevant) wherefore?—if not,
in moment of passion's lull, hush
135 of fury's exhaustion,—audibly sweet
as a peace divine to intrude
at length in the sufferer's soul?”



VI

“Aidoneus! Aidoneus
Him I had curs'd, bride-deflowerer,— mocker
140 at sport with rent petals, dead leaves,—
blighter,—scatterer—
spurner underfoot of the fair—
whom never at heart (since hateful, sullen,
foul,) I believ'd to be God,—in his very
145 Self appear'd to me then, of living things
maker; deviser of form, and of increase
in might; cherisher, fosterer
silent of beauty; whose mystical touch
worketh wonders forever! Astonish'd,



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



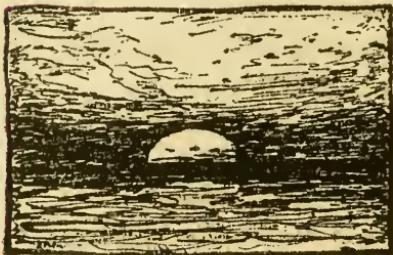
THE VISION OF DEMETER

150 yet more I marvell'd that ever
woe-misted these eyes of mine
so blind became to mis-read
the myth of the seasons recurrent. For, lo,
is it not He who clippeth of wheat,
155 of rye, the tresses ripe-sunny? and who
if not He with flail of affliction
from full sheaf driveth, (relaxing
the hold of kindly husks) the bare grain?
And whose if not His the harsh breath,
160 to shrill tunes of scorn, as flurry
of fine snow whirling aloft, under drear skies
ashen,
the chaff? From my hand, tight-clench'd, 't is He
snatcheth the choicest for seed
in darkness to waste, damp-swollen,
165 and rot? Yet who if not He (as the corn
under sun for nurture of men
ground, cometh in blush of maid, glow of youth,
battle's might,
cometh in mother's milk, joyous cry, laugh
of babe,) who if not he in due season
170 biddeth arise the new year's
vaster harvests, ghost-pallid? Aidoneus, who,
if not Thou
God of death?"

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



And that mortal grief might have immortal cure, she shared her heavenly wisdom with such as experienced anguish like hers.



THE VISION OF DEMETER

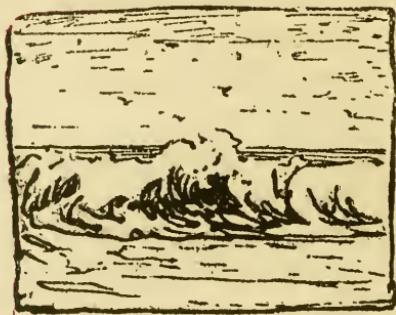
VII



“Wherefore, summer’s Goddess, a rite
175 faithful and holy of loyal
sons I exact, whensoe’er thro’ rich loam
by steer-drawn plough the furrow is cut:—
with solemn jubilation, therein
newborn shall be laid an infant—the token
180 that life (yea theirs, as of wheat, as of rye)
upspringeth from th’ gloom, death-begotten. For
my soul,
when the sense it conn’d of the mystery
erst indiscernible, cull’d (dejected
no longer) wholesome fruit—heart’s ease,
185 quiet cheer of well-doing—to men
grief-smit the deep lore imparting in grove
Eleusynian. And none whom I taught
fear’d darkness thereafter, nor dust, nor cold sweat
at the close. Aidoneus, of terrors
190 grim King, most ruthful I showed to them. Her,
(whom folk in their folly awful
fabled, the daughter of Styx stagnant river
corrupt, inexorable Queen
of Hades,) to all I revealed as none
195 other than pure Persephone, her lap
heap’d with red poppies—oblivion
of ache, of vexation,—yea and with white
poppies,—dream hopes of a whiter



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



THE VISION OF DEMETER

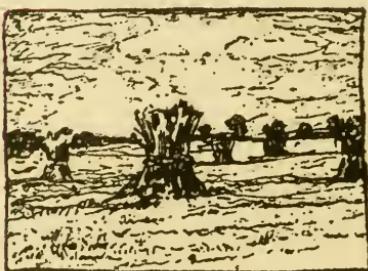
dawn. So the grief
200 O my son, thenceforth at parting
in glee of welcome is swallowed. The end
lo! no end,—but start
more exultant; the cycle of life no tedious
round,—a ring for processional dance;
205 and behold, even I, mother Earth, the venerable,
wax youthful again
and singing, singing with a myriad myriad
stars through the thrill'd heaven's vastitude whirl,
blissful; for, ever to Aidoneus content
210 I surrender my children, whom Aidoneus again
forever restoreth
more mighty, more fair!"



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



From the horizon's edge com-
eth sound of
singing.



When the words
wax intelligible
they prove to
be a greeting to
Demeter;



THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

α

215 The words of Demeter
in my ears still tremulous,
persuasively sweet;—wind-wafted
from the mingling of cloud-sky dun
and the unquiet sea of dinginess—
Voices as of maidens, for an alien grief
tear-dew'd, but at heart
220 life-glad, came gradually
closer and clearer:—

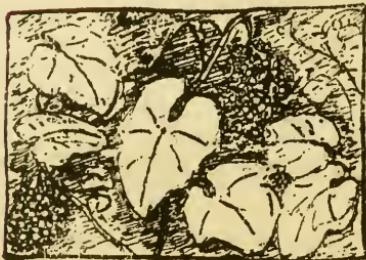
β

Why sigh we and cry we, as nigher we draw
to her,
appall'd by her tallness and awful demeanor?
The violence and silence of Hades are law to her,
225 yet wailing seem'th sweeter Demeter to thee,
weeping than smiling, howling than laughter!
Griev'd One, bereav'd One, thy child—hast
thou seen her?
Time now brings showers; yet unfailingly after
calls the gay hours to delight us, yea, dry away
tears from all eyes, while our doubt-clouds fly
230 away
from the bright of the sky, and are drown'd
in the sea!

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



but the singers,
it is clear, igno-
rant of her com-
fort, miscon-
ceive her mood;



and, wearying
of lament, re-
sume the praise
of their chosen
deity, as though
the salutation to
another might
seem disloyal.



THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

α



235

So fresh were the Voices
and so full, youth-cheery,
irresistible;—smiles straight followed
in the wake of the sage words sung
to a distinct rhythm of dance;
and the mother of Persephone, the gracious,
replied,
sweet-smiling to me.

240

Once more, swell'd closer
the melodious chorus:—

β

Ho! go you and show you a holier joy in him,
employ you your voices in boisterous hollos,
for know you not, know you not Semele's boy
in him,
with whom you would toy once, you coy
Ones, of old?

245 Noisily extol him, lowlily sue him!

Woe doth he sow and a joy-crop follows.
Lo! you owe homage and honor unto him!

Grow you, O grow you, O vines of his
choosing,

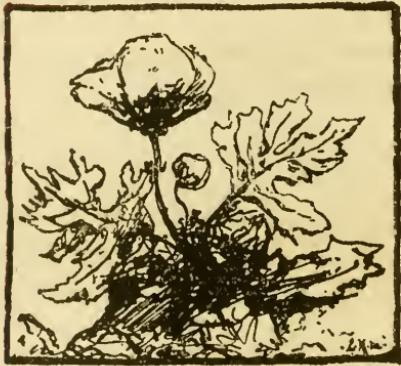
250 flow you, O flow you, O grapes of his bruising,
to the glory alone of your God of the bold!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The sire of
their God, ack-
nowledges his
glorious son;



whereupon the
maenads (fe-
male devotees of
Dionysus) ap-
pear, and encir-
cle Demeter,



THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

a



255

Then knew I, unseen yet,
the devout blithe singers.
But suddenly, loud roar'd Zeus,
the cataclysmal. His clouds broke, cloven,
and a bolt clear'd the atmosphere.
Luminous the azure of the heavens through
the rift
burst happily in;
sun-showers stream'd laughing
from the frayed storm-edges.

r

260

The surge of crass murk
froth'd pitch no longer:—
bronze-red, ablaze,
hurtling to foam of gold,
spurting quick spray of fire,
tumbling in glory.

265

For, leaping and crying,
a rout of wild women,
with faun-skins loose-vested,
limbs gleaming, locks flying in whirl
orgyastic, surrounded the mother
majestic and calm:—

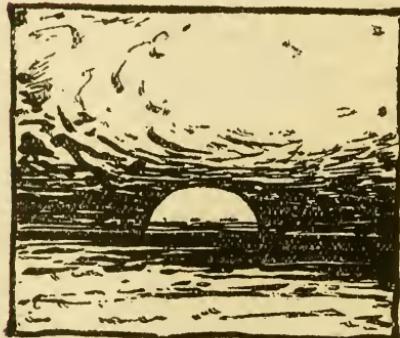
270



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



singing of the
expected advent
of Bacchus;



of his miracu-
lous divine be-
getting and of
his beautiful hu-
man birth;



THE COMING OF DIONYSUS



He cometh, he cometh, (T' is he! 't is he!)
young again from barbarous Thracia,
to Icaria, the wild; o'er the isles of the sea
from Phrygia, the rocky, and Asia!

275 From the gloom
of the tomb

he came, he came—

280 God of gush,
God of flow,
the same, O the same
God of flush
and of glow,
and the uproar of flame.

δ

285 Oh! heard ye not, heard ye not told and retold
the story of his wonderful birth?
begott'n of the Highest, he is God of the bold;
of the Fairest born, God of their mirth!

290 Speak out,
shout, shout
his name, his name!

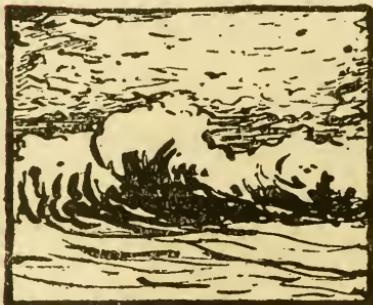
295 God of wine,
God of ire,
the same, O the same
of divine
mad desire
of the death-leap, and fame!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



of his virgin
mother, now
beyond carnal
stain;



of Zeus's woo-
ing, and recog-
nition, by her,

of her rapture
in the God.



THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

300

Blessed Semele,—virgin
who daredst to die
thy glory to merge in
that of Zeus the most high,—
passion-whirls that we surge in
thy feet cannot wet;
rejoice, O white virgin
where suns never set!

305

The God of heav'n saw thee
and lov'd thee, and wooed;
lest his glory o'er-awe thee
as shepherd he sued;
310 but thou knewest him, Bride of God,
thro' the human disguise,
sweet Joy of God, Pride of God,
Light of his eyes!

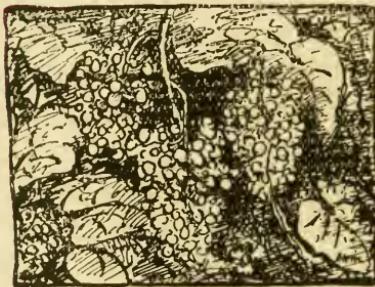
315

“O Zeus, who didst fashion it—
my body be thine,
so thou flash forth, God passionate,
thy glory divine.”
In delirious surrender
of rosy-hued flesh
320 Thou didst cry: “Slay with splendor,
and create me afresh!”

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The maenads
see their God a-
far, and forget
his birth in him.



THE COMING OF DIONYSUS

δ

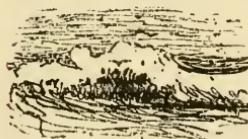


He cometh, he cometh! 'T is he, even he,
son of Semele!—Hail, Dionysus,
from the low, and the mean, and the base to set
free,—

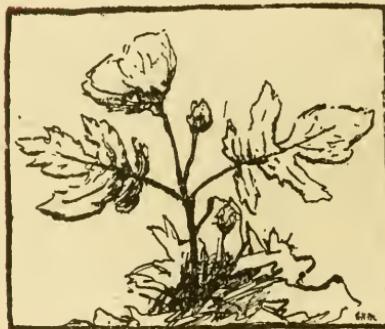
325 from ourself, to thy height to entice us!

God fearless,
God peerless,
O come, O come!

330 At thy glance
who, O God,
can be dumb? can be dumb?
Tread the dance,
that ye trod,
to flute, pipe, and drum!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



A young mae-nad praises Dionysus as God of elemental fire.



DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL



HYMN TO DIONYSUS THE ELEMENTAL.

I. *A Young Maenad Singeth :*

335

Stay
near us
to cheer us
dire
God
of the panting heat !

340

Pray
hear us,
hear, hear us !

345

Fire-
shod
be thy alighting feet,
that in spasm
volcanic
thy mount may awake,

350

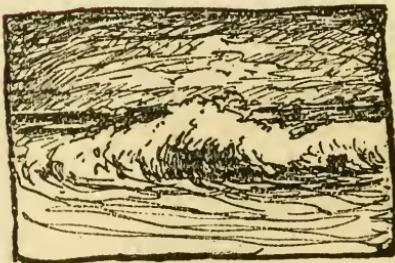
rend open a chasm,
and with panic
earth shake !

355

From the crater,
Titan-hater,
let the lava-streams fall,



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



All the younger
maenads laud
him as God of
raging water-
streams, and of
luxuriant plant-
growth.



DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL



360

and char
near and far
as they luridly crawl.
In thick dark
sow the spark
to enkindle the pine:
higher, higher
leap thy fire
with a thunder divine!

II. *Semi-Chorus of Young Maenads:*

365 God of swollen springs bursting; torrent-roar of
wild force,
uprooting the trees, and damming its course;—
of floods, boulder-rolling, to the plain down-
hurl'd;—
of the landslip that crasheth on a slumbering
world;—

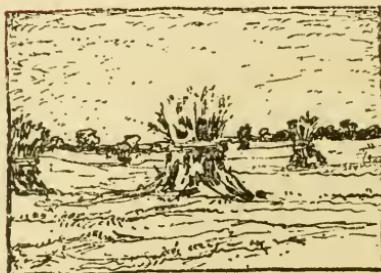
Dionysus, thy ravage
370 at length hath an end:
for thy violence savage
is the wrath of a friend.
Lo! thy vast vegetation
upshooteth to cloak
375 the old devastation
with pine, laurel, oak.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



An older mae-
nad prays to Di-
onysus as God
of secret treas-
ures.



All the older
maenads extol
him as the God



DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL

III. *An Older Maenad Singeth:*

O God of the mysteries hid below ground,
of the bed
of thy red
380 gold gloom-hoarded,
keep them ever impenetrable to light and to sound
from the smutch
of the clutch
of the sordid.

385 So, the mystical treasures in deeps of man
are thine only, O God, with glad eye to scan.
Yet, at times (as thy river
Pactolus
of old
390 for thy faithful adorer
wash'd up nuggets of gold)
when the anguish grows sorer
than proud souls can bear,
with glimpse of our God-self, Life-giver,
395 console us,
and vanquish our human despair!

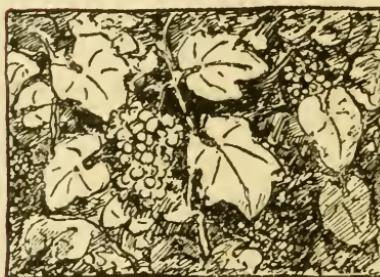
IV. *Semi-Chorus of Older Maenads:*

Man from good unto better must go,
from better, ev'r on to the best:

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



of immortality
and spiritual vi-
sion.



DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL



thy guest in the life that we know
400 is in death, that we know not, thy guest.
God, marshaler of spirits victorious
too great for earth longer to house,
lead us, lead us to a world more glorious
to revel in with thee and carouse!

405 Thy grape-blood burns in our veins,
and with madness our brains
are on fire! are on fire!
We rise with thee, God, from the real
to explore the eternal ideal—
410 inspire us, inspire us, inspire!
Heaven's freedom from earth-bonds that bind us
let our spirits, O God, anticipate.
For a moment the shadows that bind us
dissipate! dissipate! dissipate!
415 We follow thee on, we follow—
skim the air more swift than swallow!
O ye wicked, ye fools, he hath sapp'd your
foundations of carnal joy!
Your lies no more shall win you us:
420 ours, ours the ecstatal rapture
of the Gods (Evoi! O Evoi!)
the rapture of onrush continuous!
(Evoi! Evoi!)



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Together all the
maenads hail
him as the Ti-
tan-slain God
who secureth
everlasting
blisses for the
faithful.

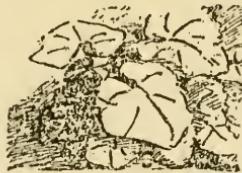


DIONYSUS, THE ELEMENTAL

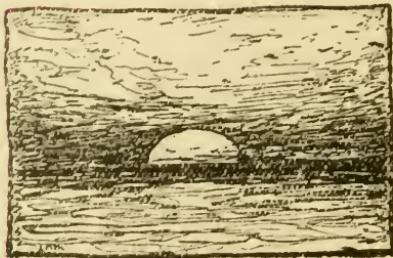


V. *All the Maenads in Chorus:*

All hail to the God who died
425 of man's woe, in man's stead,
now deathless and glorified,
King of the blessed dead !
Maenads, wave, wave your
green-flaming thyrsus
430 as you leap for his praise in the whirl of the dance:
hail, hail him the Saviour
of incredible mercies,
Lord eternal of fate, God the master of chance !



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Demeter mak-
eth known unto
Dionysus her
office of consol-
er, eliciting the
human out of
the torture of
mankind.



THE COLLOQUY



THE COLLOQUY

I

435 Their hymn of worshipful praise
declaring the godhead
occult of their Lord, to a close devout
sung,—a stillness

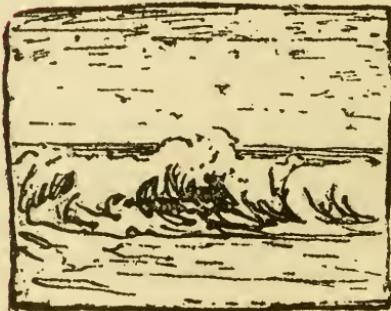
ensued; and Demeter, lifting
her eyes to those of the flush'd
440 divine youth, became
ancient in look, all the light
of her wisdom veil'd.

—“Art thou
445 Demeter, mother of comfort from sorrow
for men?”

—“Yea, son”
answered she mild “by cruel
hardship ever the good
from the ill are dissever'd. Persephone
450 fair, from the grave returneth whither
she went with all mortals
down; but the foul
wax old in their death, and each
(as memory in turn effaceth
455 memory, recall'd in the mind)



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Dionysus replieth that his function is ever to express from the human the godly. He (life and death being mystically one) identifieth himself with Aidoneus (Hades, Pluto) and setteth forth his awful anthropagous rite.

THE COLLOQUY



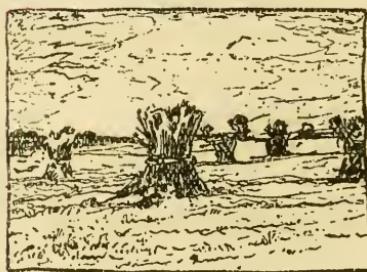
fades utterly out of the world.
Wherefore, my worshippers so
teach I pain
and bereavement to bear, that they rise
460 from brute up to man—
his stature, dignity, calm."

II

"Well,"—retorted the beauteous
youth, his eyes as he spake
awful with shine
465 inhuman—"Mother,
well hast thou said. To man
thou leadest; but I,
unbeheld, drive on
thy worshippers up to the god.
470 Aidoneus,
King of death, King of hell,
is none other than I, who greet thee,
Dionysus,
Lord of life, Lord of earth,
475 leader of the blessed to the highest
heaven. The good, who survive
the law of thy duty, they
my quarry are, mine Dionysus
Zagreus, pitiless huntsman, torturer,
480 flesh-feaster, blood-quaffer, the barbarous
God.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



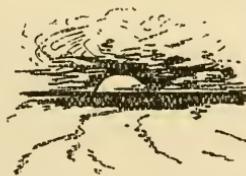
THE COLLOQUY



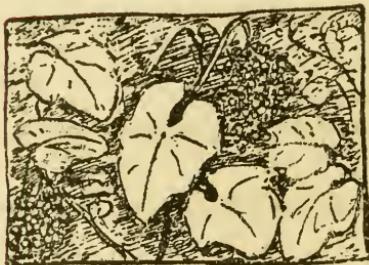
Bruis'd, crush'd,
shall the grape-berry be; whence, pouring,
the life-juice transmute I to fluid
fire!

485 Yea, the hero, strong, brave,
soul-fast, faithful, upright,
unto death I pursue, that in death
deified,

490 they I maddened with murderous
hate shall adore Him, (in death
life-glories forth-showing they dream'd not of) me
in Him whom they slew, even me
beholding, their God; and a love
495 fervent for Him, shall breed of remorseful
hearts issue divine,
heroes innumerable as stars in the heaven!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Enthusiastic,
the maenads
celebrate their
winter orgies in
the mountains
to arouse the
sleeping God of
natural life who
would else let
the earth perish
with him.

DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD



HYMN TO DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

❖ I ❖

Semi-Chorus of the Older Maenads.

What is it he said?

Hath he fled? Hath he fled?

500 Dionysus, the Hero-God, dead?
dead? dead?

Up, up to the barren hill-pass
swept of winter-blast chilling, barefooted, bare-
head,

ere manhigh the snow-drifts amass!

505 We will drink not nor eat,
but the hard-frozen ground
we will beat
with our feet,

and Pan-hoof shall pound
to drum and shrill fife
till the Dead come to life!

Bromios! Bromios!
hark, the timbrel's hoarse roar,
wail of wind, hoot of owl,
515 scream of eagle, wolf-howl,—
wilt thou lead us, boisterous God, no more?



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The pans glory
in their deform-
ity and in their
supernatural
powers;



DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

To the rhythm of our phrensy, ye
north-blasts, shriek;

about us, ye snow-drifts, wheel
and reel;

520 till (the death-spell too weak
for the God whom we seek,)
He shall rise and his glory reveal.
Lo, death is dead,
and his spell is sped!

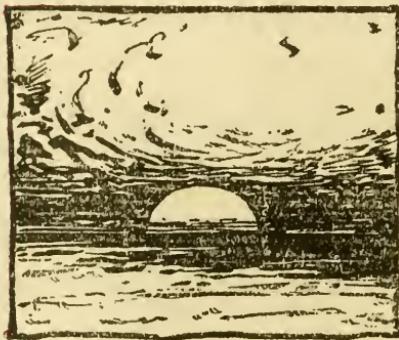
525 Thou hast conquered our mortal shame!
Let the cymbals clash,
and the avalanche crash
as we summon Thee, God, by name.

Semi-Choruses of Pans.

1

530 We Pans, we Pans,
to but and to gore
we have horns that are sore,
and our legs are a goat's not a man's.
Beware, beware,
with our nails
we tear,
and we lash
with our barbed tails.
Like beasts, we rend
with our teeth the rash
535 who Zagreus, the huntsman, offend.

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



and threaten the
emissaries of
their God who
shall dare, obe-
dient to his hest,
stand in his
room.



DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD



545

We have ears as the lynx,
and a fool! who thinks
from the leer
of our eyes to escape;
for the snow-flake's fall
miles off we hear,
and a leaf-shadow's shape
discern through the thick night's pall.

2

550

Woe! woe! to the Man—
though thou send
him—
who cometh, great God, in thy place:
we will but, each Pan,
gore and rend
him,
and tear him limb
from limb!
devour his flesh torn,
lap and gulp his blood spill'd,
till we free
from the mask thy face,
and see
the quiet smile of high scorn,
and thy spiritual eyes fire-fill'd!

555

560

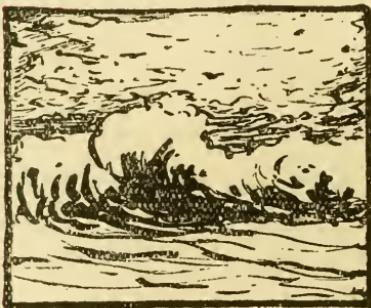
81



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Yet they show
that in the trag-
ic death the God
is glorified and
the hero made
truly his reveal-
er.



DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

Full Chorus of Pans.



3

565

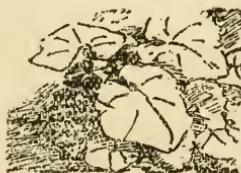
For blessed, thrice-blest,
the death that reveals thee;
of thy fury possess'd
the great life that feels thee:

570

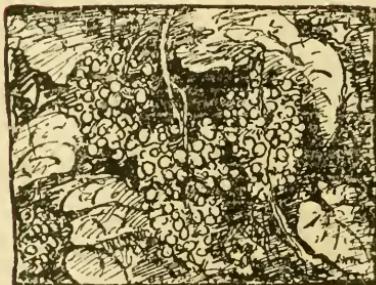
and deep, deep
the abysses be
of terrific despair,
that steep, steep
may the blisses be
whose peaks cleave the air!

575

In the tragic death-strife
from the blood-drunk sod
springs the beauty of life
that sheweth Thee, God.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Enthusiastic,
the maenads
announce the
vernal resurrec-
tion of the God
of natural life,
and praise him.



DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD



HYMN TO DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

* II *

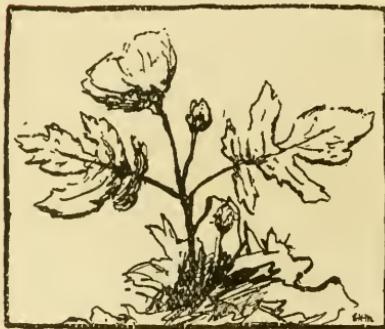
Semi-Chorus of the Younger Maenads.

1

580 O Pans, in the waste hill-gorges
not vain were our mid-winter orgies :
for his earthquake answers
the tramp
stamp
of dancers,
585 in new-got strength
appearing at length :
Lord of fire, water, gold,
wine, song,
dance, mirth ;
590 the great God of the bold
and the strong
of the earth !
O flute, O drum,
O tabor and cymbal,
595 back you 'll us
bring
with loud scream, and leap nimble
to the ancient hill-top bald !



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



They describe
his advent to
the heights, a-
thwart the flats,
and the wild
rush of his wor-
shippers to meet



DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD

600

Iacchus is come
whom appall'd
we call'd,
yea, come with miraculous
spring.



605

He hath sent a
year of plenty
that his faithful should fast not.

610

The spell
of dark Hell—
we knew well
it could last not:
Iacchus hath overcome it!

(how else could the strife result?)

Up, up the sheer summit,

you Bacchic rout,

615

to exult,
as ye raise
the shout
of his praise,
in the heat of his mystical cult.

2

620

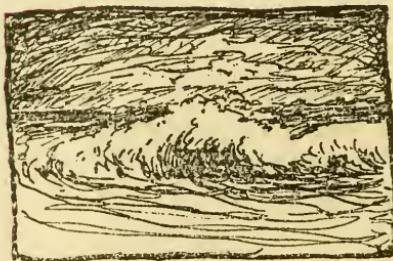
On a chariot swift-drawn of panthers
and leopards
at dawn he appeared to the terrified
shepherds,
Silenus alone for fellow!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



him with shout
and dance.



DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD



and, behold,
the meadow he dashed thro'

625 grew gold,
as his god-glory flashed thro',
with narcissi sunny-yellow;

and roses wine-purple, flame-tawny, lily-white,
burst abloom in his lightning track;

630 the vines hung big clusters of berries, in a night,
grapes glaucous, grapes sanguine, grapes
swarthy blue-black;

the trees of the orchard, the trees of the forest
became quick-quivering, high-roaring, fire-
tongues of green.

Against death with life's beauty, O Iacchus, thou
warrest

635 making lustrous the whole world, thyself unseen.
In violent festal glee, brandishing torches
aflame, thy mad maidens (as pours the volcano
a lava-stream lurid that seethes and that scorches)
to the valley

640 forth-sally
to the plain, to the plain, O!
to meet with laughter, peals upon peals,
jubilant hollo and yell, O!

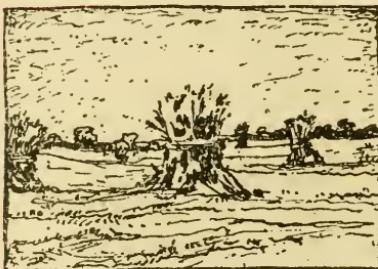
Iacchus the God who our rapture feels
645 and Silenus, his master and fellow.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The satyrs pronounce themselves, for all their baseness, true servants of the God.



For, as tragedy arose from the anthropophagous feast, so comedy began with the drunken revel. Theirs also is a high, if not the highest, office.



DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD



Chorus of Satyrs.

1

Not one of us, fierce quaffers
 though we shamble, totter, stagger,
not one of us, coarse laughers,
 in the train of the God is a lagger.

650 We are goat-thighed, like Pans, and lascivious,
 obscene in our humorous jests;
yet, O Maenads, of your lips why give ye us,
 of your waists, no joy, and your breasts?
Too fleet of foot, agile, alert, you
 fly on in your spirited folly.
655 Yet, O Maenads, no Satyr would hurt you,
 bliss-drunken, and amorous-jolly.

2

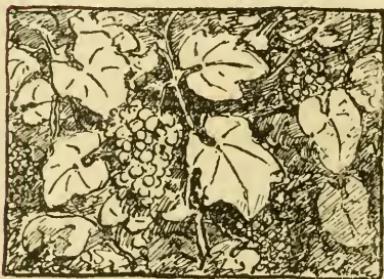
Little know ye your God if ye scorn us:
 your God, He is also ours;

660 for Silenus's sake love hath he borne us
 and a function assigned to his powers.
Dionysus, the only God, jealous,
 He hateth a rival base.

Then who be men's idols, tell us,
 whose favor they seek, and grace?



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



DIONYSUS, THE HERO-GOD



Ours, ours is the God's commission
to shatter their images,
free faith from superstition,
distinguish what seems from what is!

670 Stalk forth thou bragging claimant
to worship! 'T is we who shall settle
the debt to thee owed of the fool.
We must make thee enough and quick payment
in truest, most precious metal
of comical ridicule.
The people with laughter we initiate
in the mysteries of heroism divine—
would ye wish yet more gods to propitiate
having known once the supreme God of wine?



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

The effect of the hymn of worship showeth itself in a revelation to their eyes of the God's glory.



THE TRANSFIGURATION



THE TRANSFIGURATION

I

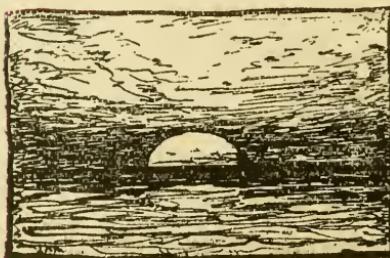
680 Lo! while
the elder Maenads, intoxicate, chanted
the winter-praise boisterous
of Bromios; while
the Thracian huntsman (harrier remorseless
685 of human game, Zagreus, man-eater)
the Aegipans ferocious
loud lauded in madness of savage
rites gory; the while
maid Maenads, grief-ignorant,
690 of Iacchus, earth-quicker, soul-kindler,
ecstatic sang; and while
the Satyrs, mock-awesome, Dionysus exalted
(foster child of Silenus, their chief,)
for the exhilarant laugh
695 of his mouth;—behold!
in his votaries' midst, the one
Lord of their various moods
shone transfigured—and, ringwise
environed with multiplied visions
700 emanative, drove
Maenads, Pans, Satyrs back,
extending their circle of worship, the more
at the center his Godhead forthflashed.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



For from Dionysus emanate the dryads, the oreads, the naiads, the three charities and the muses three—various aspects of his deity separately embodied.



THE TRANSFIGURATION



II

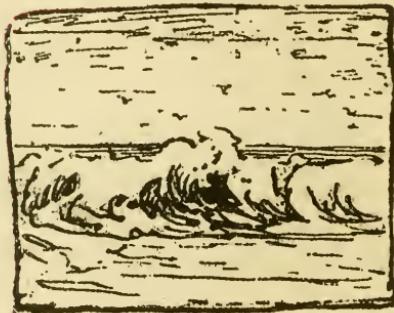
705 Of bush and of tree the chaste spirits
into being first leapt, with leafage
arrayed, happy Dryads, blossom-crown'd,
their arms all together
upthrown, wildly waving green boughs
in his honor; the Oreads, shy,
710 the Hill-nymphs, scarce veiling
with misty robes their lithe shapes,
hand-in-hand glided; and next
the Naiads of bubbling wells,
frolic brooks, shamelessly glad
715 flaunted as briar-roses fragrant their bare
bodies light-dartling, dewy-wet
from the pure and cool element. Thus
ring within ring
expanded, until, to right
720 and to left of the deity, gleam'd
(their locks tight-loop'd lest a ray
of their naked effulgence, a line of their grace
be obscur'd,) the Charities three;
and as holy as they, their virginal
725 beauty from eyes profane
close-drap'd, reflecting the fiat
creative, their sisters three smil'd—
the Muses.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The transfiguration is completed by the appearance of Persephone as his queen in the midst of all the glory.



THE TRANSFIGURATION



III

Entranc'd

730 the order'd, yet waywardly fleet
interlacings I watch'd
of the complicate dance: the shimmer,
the white glow of limbs; the sweep
float, flutter of drapery; the floor

735 of shine aquiver to the numberless
trip incessant—feet of light
diffusing quick spiritual rhythm, unheard
of the ear, as perfume strange
from tropic flower

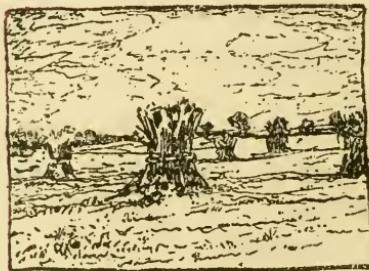
740 intense, bewildering
the mind. Then I turn'd
to scan the noble serene
countenance kindly of mother
Demeter. But, sudden her eye

745 with bliss unwonted elate,
(as of strange recognition, immediate,
incredible,) straightway the beam
of her gaze I follow'd
perforce. And lo!

750 at the palpitant life-god's side
a tranquil apparition of girlish
loveliness,—blue vein'd temples, and hair
wheat'n-yellow, with poppies enwreath'd!
None other,



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Therupon De-
meter embrac-
eth her child,
and addresseth
words of love
to her.



THE TRANSFIGURATION

assuredly none than the sweet
755 Persephone, so
with utter trust as a child's
the God's hand could hold, or as she
look in his dreadfully glorious face,
with bride's proud blushful regard.



IV

760 Demeter's heart brimm'd
visibly full, and ran over
with blessedness mute. At length
her emotion mastering: "Child," she cried,
"O my child, thou of spring's swollen buds,
765 of silken leaves pale, of velvety fronds
that ravel, of blossomy shoots,—speak, speak,—
is it thee, my own, I behold?
Art thou, in very truth, spouse
of the great life-giver? Aidoneus
770 rap'd thee not? bare thee
not hellward? in hideous gloom
secluded thee nev'r? Or, perchance
hast thou chang'd him, thou
with thy love, from cruel, obscene
775 King of dearth, desolation, despair,
to a God of exuberant excesses and lustrous
beatitude?"—Reverendly still
the tumultuous host of the God's



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Demeter now
in her joy re-
membereth that
in her darkest
moment Aph-
rodite appeared
to her, and, out
of gratitude, she
wisheth now to
summon her in-
to life again.



THE TRANSFIGURATION



adherents became, as daughter
780 and mother, long-parted, embrac'd
speechless; and Tree-nymphs, Hill-nymphs,
Water-nymphs, Charities, Muses, all
fastened with tender
delight on the twain their eyes, and not few
785 the holy tears that with bliss
of reunion sparkled
starrily.

V

“Daughter dear,” at last
Demeter resum'd, “well knew I indeed
790 ere sight I had of thee, child
only-beloved, all, all
that befell thee. But knowledge,
(unto mourners expounded of me
through the ages,) faded, the instant I saw
795 thy face, to memories vague
as of some wild adventure, dream-heard,
impossible. For verily, child,
my child, oft they, who when sorrows
oppress have belief, if they meet
800 face to face the desire of the heart
are incredulous utterly.
Now that however I know
what I knew, and believe,
well-knowing, all that ere this I well-knew,



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Dionysus ac-
cepteth Deme-
ter instead of his
lost mother Se-



THE TRANSFIGURATION

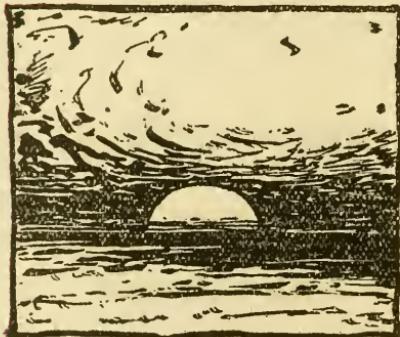
805 believing—no phrensy predictive
seizeth my soul; but clearly
methinks, and in absolute calm,
I forsee such coming of thine
with thy lord unto me,
810 not without blessing for man
shall have happen'd. My power, of thine
seconded, daughter, availeth
from dark non-existence to call
Aphrodite once more, the beauty
815 of flesh to the light of the world,
that she
the broken-hearted console, and help
the life-loathing;—as once thy mother
of old she strengthen'd to bear
820 bereavement unspeakable,—yea, with a promise
sure of to-day's encounter. For what
signified else her smile
insistent, persuasive, unless
even this it declar'd: that never
825 from earth, sky, sea, could the beautiful
wholly pass, or perish
from body and spirit of man?"

VI

"So be it even as thou,
mother, hast said," replied the bloom-goddess
830 turning in alternate joy

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

mele, and De-
meter loveth
him as a son.



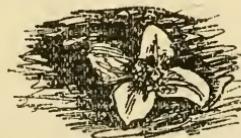
THE TRANSFIGURATION

of heart and soul from parent
to lord, from lord
to parent,—a yearning unknown
to herself, beyond speech, in her look.

835 Yet each, understanding, eyed
strangely the other, one probing
instant; and first, Dionysus in her
his mother beholding, (rever'd
Semele, from infancy mourn'd,) relax'd

840 his scrutiny, extending a hand
adoptive; and she, Demeter (the wise
from experience of ill, the glad
in goodness perpetual,) knew then in him
the son divine of her soul.

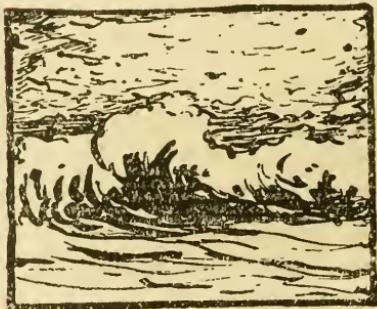
845 But aware of the triple felicity, no longer
repressible, the Naiads burst into praise:
Aphrodite, the queen, hailing,—the blessed,
the beauteous, who, unwitting,
gave to the sorrow-bowed strength
850 of endurance, and hope to the soul-sick
of yore.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The merry nai-
ads sing of their
own childish
sport;



but, hearing
strange gossip,
they implore



THE HYMN TO APHRODITE



THE HYMN TO APHRODITE

1

855

Gay spirits we of leaping wells
trickled unabash'd
over moss'd knobs, rough fells ;
thro' dingles, bloomy dells
tinkle-tinkle we plash'd ;
in hill-hollows ralli'd,
we rush'd with loud laughter-screams ;
spray-spurting, dilly-dalli'd
860 in iridescent, foam-pallid
green pools for day-dreams ;
then,
again,
wild, uproarious,
all, together, we leapt
865 with the waterfalls glorious,
and ocean-ward swept.

2

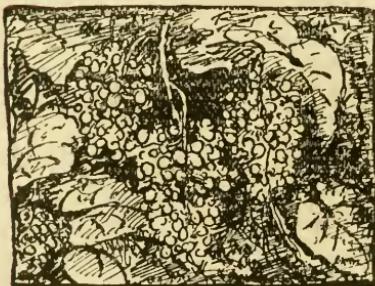
Wondrous news from sandy shore-lands
we heard of the summer-breeze ;



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



that their father
command the
sea-nymphs not
to withhold the
truth from
them.



They are re-
warded for their
frantic race to
the salt sea, by a
vision of Aph-
rodite's birth.



THE HYMN TO APHRODITE

870 for far never, never far
are
the heights of jutting forelands
from the spume of Hellenic seas,
Dionysus, O imperious,
875 bid our sisters,—Nymphs of Nereus,—
recount us the marvels as they be;
lest they tease us, worry, weary us
gay Naiads, tho' we emanate from thee !



3

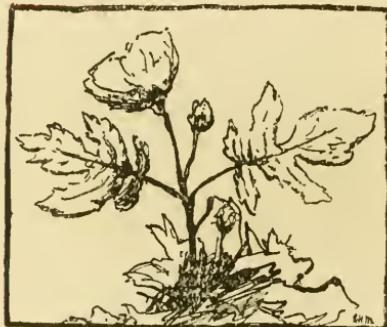
880 O Hill-nymphs, O Tree-nymphs,
why stayed ye at home?
for we saw all the Sea-nymphs,
joy-drunken, toss the foam.
Aphrodite
that morn,
885 the mighty,
was born
a girl-babe merrily
cradled of a wave:
and they caught her
(sweet daughter
890 she, of blue sky, blue sea)
yea, and bare her off verily
to a crystalline cave
with frolic and laughter and boisterous glee!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



They relate circumstances of her rearing and tell of the miracles wrought by her maidenly beauty.



Her journey, on the day of her showing to sky and sea, is described as a triumphal progress to the sacred isle of Cyprus.



THE HYMN TO APHRODITE

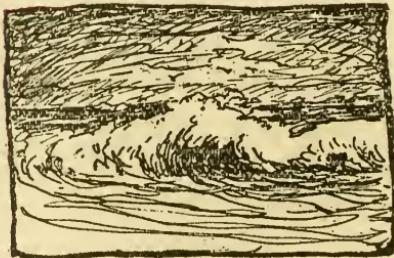


895 Bubbles, pearls, corals and goldfish red
her pretty childish toys;
hide-and-seek, with the Nymphs, o'er the deep
seabed—
a rollicking, innocent noise!
But quickly their foundling, their foster-child
900 her playmates outgrew and their games:
hers the girlhood mild
sweet, undefil'd,
whose beauty the sea-brute tames!
To men and to Gods it is time she be shown
905 in her loose locks of amber array'd,
that the sea wash her feet with motherly moan
and the blue sky acknowledge the maid.

In a concave billow
they lay her down,
910 white arm for soft pillow,
gushing curls for gay gown.
O'er the silk-smooth pellucid boat
stretch a rainbow-woof sail—
to hill-horned Cypress float
915 bark fair and frail!
Her attendants summon clamorously
light Zephyrus to blow.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The charities
cheerfully ac-
knowledge her
superiority to
themselves and



THE HYMN TO APHRODITE

Lo! he panteth, heart-amorously,
and flying they go!

920 The Mermaids laugh, sing,
and for gladness upfling
their beauteous arms bubble-shiny;
whom the Mermen escort
with hollo and snort,

925 eyes on fire, cheeks swollen, beards briny.
From his ram's horn sends the Triton
lustily
skyward a musical jet;
sea-horses splash, dolphins spout:

930 gustily
mounts the spray, scattering, to light on
the naked Goddess, her maidens devout,—
an attire many-beaded of twinkling wet!
Sly old Proteus her wizard forerunner is
935 to quell the waves' turbulent riot;
behold! heaven's glory upon her is,
and before her the vast sea's quiet.

Chorus of the Charities.

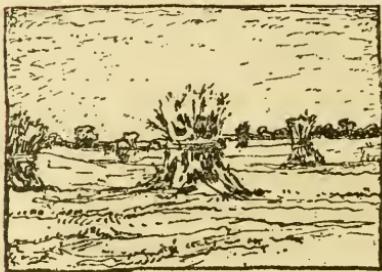
Finale

Between sister, and sister no disparity
of beauty age or degree;
940 we are each a gracious Charity,
one in love, but in loveliness three.

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



highly extol her
holy virtue.



THE HYMN TO APHRODITE



Yet we hail thee, Aphrodite, who art fairer
than we be in worshipping eyes:

who soothest with hope the despainer—

945 thy beauty than wisdom more wise.

Thy grace never waneth, ever waxeth
immortal Delight of mankind!

Thy hold on our hearts who relaxeth?
for thy smiles are the bonds that bind.

950 Thou makest living joys out of griefs that are
dead;

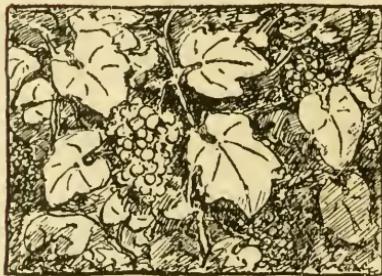
as thou walkest, silver-footed, the day
lust-monsters writhe under thine airy tread
whom thy naked lustre doth slay.

The Gods, yea, men likewise, no longer fear
the glory of flesh and carnal pride

955 if Thou, O peerless, O sane, art near—
for by Thee are they purified.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Dionysus de-clareth that indeed it is now high time beauty (Aphrodite) be once again associated with use.



THE RECONCILIATION



THE RECONCILIATION

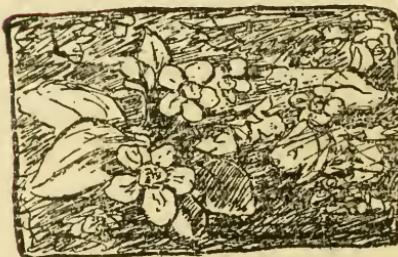
I

Holy Mother, sage and good,
heard have thy ears
even now, ravish'd, my lightsome
960 Naiads, my Charities
spiritual, utter in cadence the praise
melodious of Her
that shall once again charm,
965 (thou hast said,)
as in days of their youth,
mankind.
For verily, O Mother,
long hath lasted the night
970 already
of toil, unhallow'd
by joy in the task;
the night—all eyes blinding
but such as glare cat-like
975 with criminal craft;
too long!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

He comments
on the story of
beauty's having
wrought relief
from acute sor-
row, whence,
in due season,
Demeter's wis-
dom;



THE RECONCILIATION



II

When grieving well nigh
in Thee, immortal, the goddess
had slain, thou wast sav'd
by the life-joyous smile
that in sorrow's despite
a smile responsive compell'd
ajar to set
the doors of thy soul's
prison? And slid
not Hope in tiptoe, and close
at her heels, Desire of life, her lover
constant, who took
each a languid hand of thine,
leading with tender violence
out of thy cell dark, grim,
bare, Thee, to freedom
divine once more?
Yet, as therefore Thou to the Cyprian
Goddess the debt unpaid
rememberest, Mother, so I
to the son, Delos-born, of Leto
owe a friend's undying thank.

995

980

985

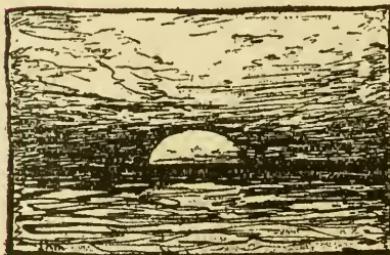
990



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



and resolveth
on his part to
arouse disinter-
ested intelli-
gence (Apollo)
from long slum-
ber;



recalling the
service it (A-
pollo) rendered
to enthusiasm



THE RECONCILIATION



III

Phoebus Apollo!

1000 shimmer quick-shifting
of streams that upwell and outflow;
shine of my gold wash'd pure; light-ray
of my fire volcanic; oracular
counsel uttered at large

1005 from my core unconscious
of things; the vision's preternatural
clearness in them I intoxicate; truth
serene, (first dimly discern'd from height
ecstatic, whither the spirit
1010 I lifted,) in hours of intelligent
quiet remember'd and understood;
O Pythian Phoebus Apollo
who slayest ever anew
with arrow of sanity
1015 the monster of over-faith,
Thee of the peak Parnassian, twin
mount unto mine, Thee, Thee
will I summon from agelong sleep!

IV

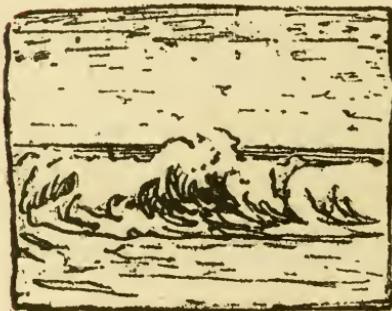
For, nowise

1020 Demeter, O Mother
true of Persephone, thy child



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS

(Dionysus) by
making the lat-
ter gentle and
sane.



Aphrodite and
Apollo will
both develop the
body, each one



THE RECONCILIATION



1025

I ravish'd, pain to inflict
on one who lov'd her, and whom
not knowing I therefore lov'd; but assur'd
thou couldst never my heart's passion
know, nor fate's

1030

doom irreversible
whereby thou borest Her, and didst rear
to maidenhood only that mine
she should thenceforth be; assur'd
that willingly not
to any couldst Thou,

1035

her mother, yield
one so desirable; therefore
forc'd was I, Lord of life,

1040

in the odious guise of the Ghost-god unreal
on Her whose favor I crav'd
violent hands to lay.

But thereafter my soul's own brother,
Apollo, the fierceness extreme
of my deity ancient, sooth'd;
so that even Persephone, timid
and gentle, could forgive,
nay, her ravisher cherish as now! .

V

1045

Behold, thy labors
(O Mother of Her who is mine
and thine) shall be match'd



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



viewing it as the
supreme means
to all good ends.



Dionysus ex-
presseth the true
philosophy of
affliction.



THE RECONCILIATION



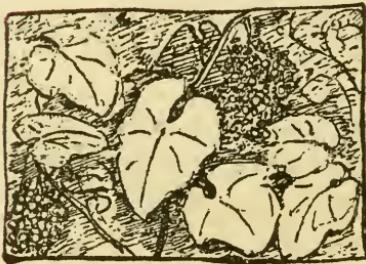
by labors as gladsome. For Thou
of the rude and gross, (the pressure
continuous of pain ennobling,
1050 refining,) wilt fashion, by little
and little, the beauty of golden
Aphrodite again; while I
from the stony-hard gloom at the stroke
heroic, death-dealing, at length
1055 shall elicit the fire and the light
of the Loxian. To grace
She shall perfect, for service
of love, the body; which He to feats
athletic will hard'n at the hest
1060 of the manly mind. With charm of the lovely, She
and with hope assuageth men's grief;
while the end afar off perceiving, He,
clearsighted, by knowledge controls
the passion that else, rebellious,
1065 would reason overthrow.

VI

So, sweeten'd thy memories
of the old bereavement shall be,
that never again couldst thou wish
mother Demeter, the past
1070 alter'd in ought, or the fatal



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



THE RECONCILIATION

decree overrul'd. The rougher
the rind of life's fruit,
the sweeter the juice thereof
express'd from the seeded pulp! Wouldst thou
1075 again to reach the broad, warm,
fertile plains of peace, not press
thro' the icy gorge of anguish—
feet bleeding and bruis'd—
once more?



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The oreads sing
(by way of pre-
lude to their
hymn of Apollo)
the praises
of Leto (the hid-
den) his mother.



THE HYMN TO APOLLO



THE HYMN TO APOLLO

1

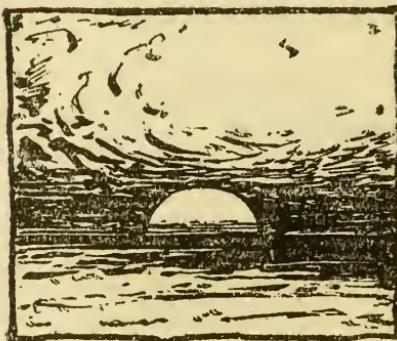
1080 Ever, from the womb
 of the witless hour,
 (of her beauty and power
 unaware,)
 the wisest thoughts of man
1085 are born,
 most holy and most fair.
 Ever, from the tomb
 of a right
 men
1090 scorn,
 wingeth,
 (singeth
 in death's despite,)
 a spirit again
1095 of godlier might.
 Ever, from the gloom
 of the cloud-hid night
 folding earth in sadness,
 springeth
1100 at morn
 the Lord of the light,
 the King of azure gladness.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



They remem-
ber the fall of
Zeus's clandes-
tine wooing of
Leto;



and recount
how she fared
at the hands of
wicked man-
kind who had
not heard there-
of.



THE HYMN TO APOLLO

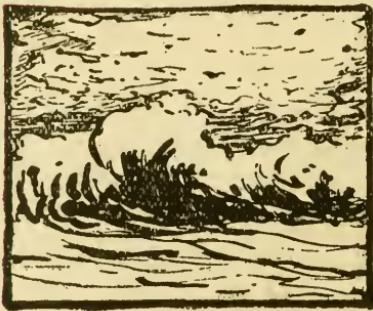


By the banks of the stream
of sleep,
1105 and the lake of dream
still, deep,
the dark Night stray'd
a starry, chaste
maid,
1110 and dipped her feet in the water
to wade;
when the white
sky's Light
his splendor effac'd
1115 to glide
undescribed
as a lustrous, proud swan to her bashful side.
But, alas! of his ruffled plumes unafraid,
alas! for the woe he wrought her,
1120 poor maid.

The home she forsook of her girlhood, in shame,
and sought out a lone spot to die;
yet soon for her child's sake, unborn, she came
to abodes of mankind far and nigh,
1125 in Zeus's name, the hospitable, food
humbly imploring, and shelter.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Zeus cometh to
her aid, mirac-
ulously fashion-
ing out of a
promontory the

THE HYMN TO APOLLO

But, boorish, men void of pity
thought scorn of her plea; women, rude,
insolent when they felt her
1130 sore plight, jeer'd, foully-witty:
"What? Zeus? God Zeus was thy lover!
't were impious to doubt of his truth;
so we dare not provide
for thy want," they cried,
1135 "be assur'd his sky-roof guest-friendly will
cover—
and the bread of his board feed—the bride of
his youth!"
That, cruel, the shaft
her sick heart might pierce
as Leto totter'd and pal'd,
1140 they gloated and laugh'd,
and in mockery fierce
her as maiden-mother hail'd.
They knew not that ever God claimeth
the child by man unclaim'd!—
1145 Woe, woe! who a mother shameth,
forsaken—for he shall be sham'd!

4

Horror smitten, of their lowland and highland
men saw a rich vale, a steep hill
by Zeus, thundering, riven:—an island
1150 afloat at the waves' wild will;

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



floating isle of
Delos, where
her travail over-
taketh her.



Leto is bidden
note the power
and the love of
Zeus, in that
he hath trans-
ferred to Delos
the very stream
and lake on
whose banks he
won her; and
the portents in
honor of her
son's birth are
rehearsed.



THE HYMN TO APOLLO

and swift with the current it carried
the outcast far from their sight,
while the coarse women, maids yea,
and married,
lay prone on the earth with affright.

1155

Lo! in seabound Delos, bereft
of all human comfort and aid,
writhes Leto, hid in a rocky cleft,
of the awful end afraid.

1160

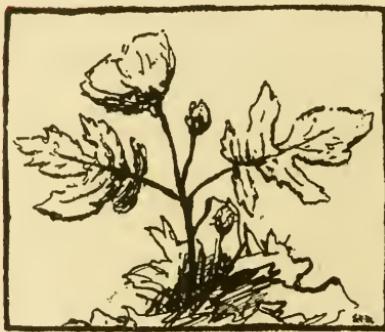
With child of a God, sore be her throes;
loud-shrieking, is her frail flesh torn,—
then, utter hush ensues and repose.
Is it death? Nay, Apollo is born!

5

Mother Leto, awake!
What? Mopus the stream
of life's sleep,
and the azure lake
of love's dream
still deep,
aflash with the sun's clear rise,
do thine eyes
not recognize?
Dost thou not feel the earth
immense
under thee heave, and shake
with a mad, convulsive mirth?

1175

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



THE HYMN TO APOLLO

Hark! the depth of grey Ocean vents
in waves of applause that break
on shore-sands shiny, his joy at the wonderful
birth.

The winds waft fragrance ambrosial from sky-
banks aflower;

1180 victorious palms, laurels lustrously ever-green
leap from the crag, and the hillside bare, to em-
bower

Thee, mother of daylight, Thee, Leto, unseen!
Flocks of swan-cloudlets from Asia come swim-
ming

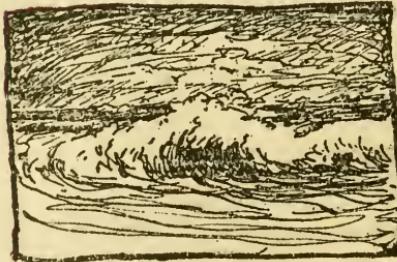
1185 thro' air, and encircle from East unto West
seven times, the risen Apollo hymning,
the sacred isle that offer'd thee rest.

Palm-pillars of gold, laurel-capital'd, vast,
up-shoot from truth's unplumbed ground under-
sea,

1190 the rocking cradle of myth to make fast
forever, in honor of him and of thee;
and the Cyclades all, at the blaze of his power
shall encompass it, footing a miraculous reel,
transform'd to cloud-islands, at the magical hour
when the burst of his innermost glory they feel.

1195 In welcoming cheer, in musical hollo,
let Naiads, let Oreads, let Dryads unite:
All-hail, O Apollo! O Apollo! O Apollo!
God, newborn, of the risen sun's light.

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The three muses petition Apollo and their sire, surnamed Melpomenos, that they be never required to follow other deities than them twain.



THE HYMN TO APOLLO



Litany of the Muses.

Finale

Of music, of dance and of song

1200

we

Three

be

mystical Muses.

To our Lord and sire we belong

1205

and the Soul that for his he chooses.

But O best-beloved, brother

1210

of Melphomenos, noble Apollo,

we pray that he bid us none other

but Thee of all deities follow.

1215

For thou art oracular shower—

true fore-knower;

of things as they be calm seer,

fear-freer;

of the heart's revengeful ire

purifier;

when Thou bendest thy golden bow—

woe! woe!—

the white bone it will pierce with its arrow

to the marrow!

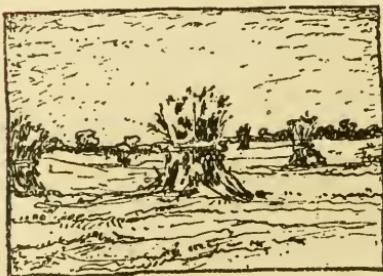
1220

For, O Pythian hater of disguise

and all lies;



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



THE HYMN TO APOLLO



who lovest the frank and the fair
that will dare
look Thee, pure God, in the eye—
yea, die
but not merit his own soul's scorn:—

1225

Thou hast sworn
who cowardly hatreds cherish
shall perish;

1230

to back-biters and knaves Thou wilt send
sore end;

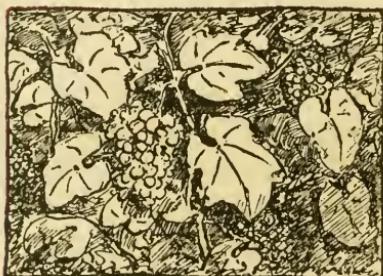
but the old, kind death shall obtain
without pain

1235

of Thee, who men's piteous ills canst feel
and with death or new life thy suppliant heal!
So, we Muses of dance, of music, of song,
to Thee, noble Phoebus Apollo,
and Melpomenos, only, our father, belong
and no *other* Gods ever will follow!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The company divideth, one side preferring Aphrodite to the left of Persephone, and the other side, to the right of Dionysus, particular votaries of Apollo.



RIVALS DIVINE



RIVALS DIVINE

I

1240 As their praise of the Loxian
the Muses three, ended
in joy of faith, not without awe
or wondering love,—the host
of worshippers, subdued

1245 by the singing, divided in twain
ranging about the emanative
splendors, (seen first in ardors intense
of devotion,) a crescent to right of the God
Melpomenos:—his Muses white-clad,
1250 his Hill-nymphs diaphanous-shrouded,
his green-garmented Dryads of trees,
and the terrible Pans, the jeering
Satyrs, awaiting his nod
to renew their clamor. Likewise
1255 a crescent to left of the fair
Persephone:—the Charities three
in snows of nudity
chaste, the Naiads light-footed
with eyes asparkle, the Maenads scarce
1260 held from resuming the dance
orgyastic, (thyrsus in air
and locks loose-tumbled, dappled faun-hides



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



A naiad and an oread sing by turns, and effectually merging their rival hymns, illustrate the fitness of the deities for a spiritual union.



RIVALS DIVINE



ill-cloaking shoulders wine-stain'd
and voluptuous rosy-tipp'd breasts,) 1265
by the stilling look of the bride
of their God. From the instant's hush
unendurable, loud for sheer bliss
cried a Naiad: "Hail Aphrodite!"
and answering an Oread
1270 shrill'd out: "Apollo!" Then each,
interrupting the other's flow
of rapturous song, alternate
pursued the praise of her chosen
deity, with reasoning melodious
1275 as rival birds
of the new-leav'd bush:—

II

Love ye the Goddess of gracious full being?

Know ye the God of delighted clear seeing?

She, of the tyrannous affinity

1280 *fast knitting wholes of the several parts?*

He, stern sundering divinity

who searcheth things to their secret hearts?

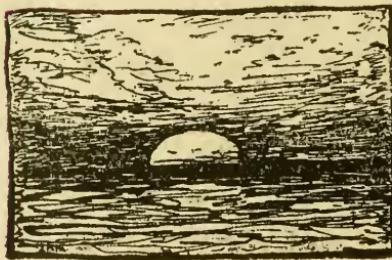
Behold, it is She refineth

to surfaces smooth all substance material

1285 *for the ray of the sun to illumine and warm—*



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



RIVALS DIVINE

Behold it is He who shineth
and maketh alive and light and ethereal
things coarse, dead, heavy, with spiritual
form—



1290 *Yea, of Her is the splendor caught
to the gladsome eye refracted;
beauteous form made real
for the human hand's persistent
soft, insatiate caress!*

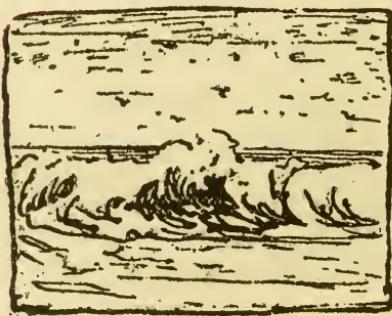
1295 By Him, from chaos and nought
things order'd, shap'd, compacted,
mirror the soul's ideal,
and are nigh'r to man when distant—
subtiliz'd to loveliness !

1300 *Her function to set the senses ashiver,
(when heart is sick,
and spirit is blind,)
an immediate assurance procuring
of the wealth and the worth of the world—*

1305 His office the heart from sense to deliver ;
He rouseth the quick,
inquisitive mind
with a mystery ever alluring
in the inmost folds of it furl'd !



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



RIVALS DIVINE

1310 *Who but She can save the mind
from idle self-beholding?
for Hers is the beauty of ebb and of flow
in the manifold tides
external:*

1315 Whose the praise if men divin'd
 the world's gradual unfolding?
 in changes and chances, the shine and the
 show,
 what is sure and abides
 eternal?

*Aphrodite, thine alone the flower of living and
breathing flesh!*

1320 O Apollo, sun-extracted, thine its perfume
 dewily fresh!

*Through Thee feeling and loving—and art that
bids death defiance!*

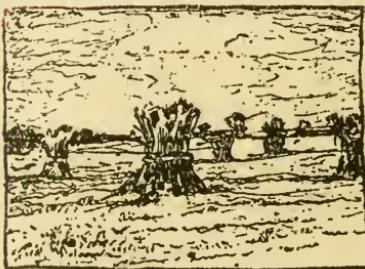
*Through Thee seeing and knowing, and
man's life-mastering science.*



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Demeter fortell-
eth the mar-
riage of beauty
and truth, art
and science
(Aphrodite and
Apollo).



VOTIVE GIFTS



VOTIVE GIFTS

I

Then, gratulant outspake, benign,
the Mother: "Not twain

1325 are our labors, nor match'd shall they be
merely, as thou hast foretold,
but mated, rather; for which
without either hath life? Well, meseems
and wisely thy maidens have sung

1330 their mutual need. Yet, in days
of virtue Hellenic, long-past (the former
youth of the Gods) discontent
drove them abroad over earth; for not
in Olympus found they the sweets sufficient

1335 of fellowship utter as yours,
my children! Though whence
this foreboding gladsome, beyond
pious doubt, I know not; but hark!
at the break of the day of their earliest

1340 meeting, the Maid, scarce aware
of her deity's dawn, with the Youth
(Him of sight, Him of mind, in Her
fully shown to himself—
Her of touch, Her of heart)

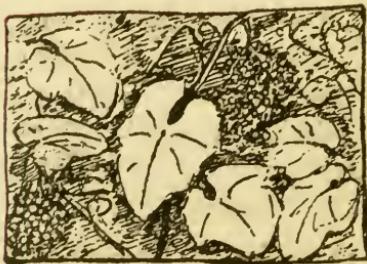
1345 shall in wedlock be joined. And who
if not ye their love with pledge



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Persephone
promiseth wed-
ding gifts—and
Dionysus is
seized with the
prophetic fury;



VOTIVE GIFTS



of progression shall cheer, with votive
gifts from lovers expert to lovers
still in the best of their joy
1350 uninitiate,—that day of supreme expectancy,
prime of united lives?"

II

"What boon,"
Persephone, blushing,
replied, "shall we dole unto Gods,
1355 lovers? The Charities three
of beautiful giving, and taking, and using,
gladly I grant to the Bride, shall she visit
Eleusis, the eve of her happy
espousals; and surely, Dionysus
1360 Melphomenos, Lord
of rhythm and phrensy poetic, will
on the Bridegroom, his dearly lov'd brother bestow
the mystic Muses of dance, music, song."
The God's smile her words affirming,—behold
1365 the gaze abstract of his eyes
took aureate lustre from worlds mist-molten,
remote, (whose life with passionate dream
prenatal, throbeth in fire-seed;) and straightway
his lips parting, one shudder
1370 thrill'd, beatific, the worshipping host
entire,—by fury predictive attain'd, that each
in his own soul only the words
of the nuptial prophecy caught.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



whereupon he
uttereth a mar-
riage blessing
upon the twain,
proclaiming
their joys of love
and triumphs of
their progeny.



VOTIVE GIFTS

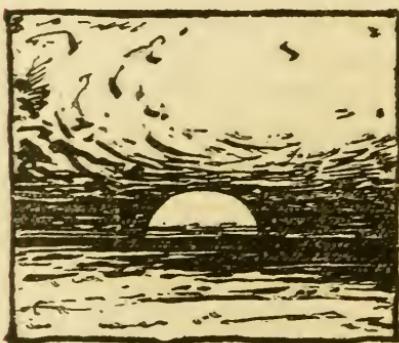
III



1375 Aphrodite,
Eucharis, full of grace, full
of charm, with thy Charities three, from whose
hands
are fair living, and loving;
Apollo,
Musagetes, leader frank
1380 of the sisters three, who translate
man from earth-struggle to care-free
altitudes human; the time
of your blessed return impatient
the world expecteth for aeons of righteous
1385 peace without end. And lo!
it prepareth for you the privacy
bridal, the couch creative of infinite
rapture divine; that fatefully,
fearfully drawn must ye be to bowers
1390 where droop hot roses
their crimson heads close,
face by face; and about them hills
rise, as in icy array defensive, whose tall
lilies in winds of unconscious desire,
1395 ring out their laughter-peals
fragrant. And thither, O thither
the mystical will of the life
self-perpetuate shall tyrannous urge ye,



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



VOTIVE GIFTS



1400 sweet love-maddened lovers; there, mouth
to mouth, ye shall know not self
from the lov'd one apart; and the lilies
moon-silvery erst, are sun-fulvid
with pollen-stain rich; and the roses,
burst open, storm crimson petals,—

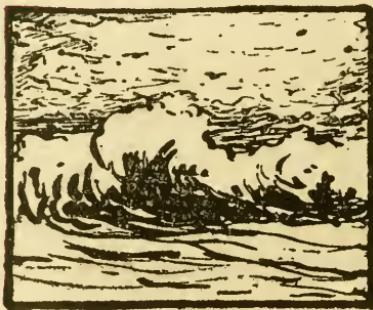
1405 awhirl as they fall, in sign
that the flesh, with voluptuous reluctance at last,
panting, admitteth the mind's
penetrant stern resolve.
Such shall the anguishful

1410 gendering of Gods be, for jocund
birth instantaneous. Rejoice, rejoice,
O ye who the ancient Olympus
rul'd, that, more absolute these—more adorably
fair than of yore yourselves, shall effortless fell

1415 the Titans, your foes rearisen, and aloft
the summit sublime of the sacred
mount, rear homes eternal, whence
their sway shall extend all-potent forever
o'er a nobler, a larger mankind!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The gods of Eleusis are praised for the sincere welcome they extend to more recent claimants of worship by maenads, satyrs, pans, nymphs, charities, muses.

The muses set forth the necessity of polethism.



HYMNS HYMNEAL



HYMNS HYMNEAL

I. *General Chorus*

1420 All praise Dionysus,
Demeter, Persephone, to your united divinity!
Your glories suffice us—
blossom, fruit, life-seed,—great Eleusynian
trinity.

We laud you forever

1425 that hospitable ye are in your gracious affinity;
devising new pieties
that tighten,
not sever,
th' old bonds of devotion;

1430 (the streams of our worship not lost in the ocean
the dead-sea of a jealousy bitter and dumb,
our longings not drown'd in a lonely infinity,) we exalt you for hailing unbegotten societies
of Gods that shall brighten

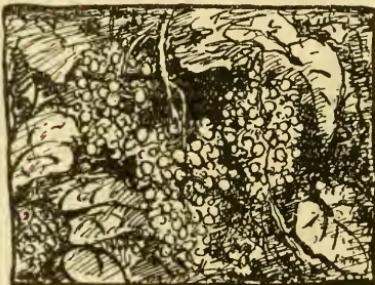
1435 the ages to come.

II. *The Muses*

For the Gods are many and various :
the good things that men love and desire.
The life of the world were precarious
if it burn'd not with manifold fire.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The charities
burst into a
hymn unto the
ancient Eros,
God of love,
ever young,
ever wise, ever
glorious, God of
gods.



HYMNS HYMENEAL

1440

Men's ideals,—flame-gods, aspirations,
rare excellences, heroisms sublime,—
be innumerable as races and nations,
as moods of man, moments of time.
But the heights know each other, saluting
athwart the vast plains of low land:
(the worship of each not confuting
the worship of all,) hand in hand
the glorious mountains enring us
th' old earth of animal strife;
and together, one in spirit, they sing us
the paean of man's divine life.



1445

1450

III. *The Charities*

Hymn to Eros

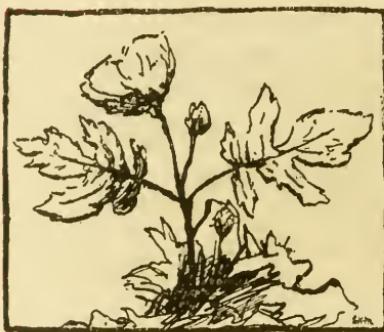
1455

1460

Yet who
shall renew
man's universe?
restore to it
a splendor pristine?
in the bath of cleansing fire immerse?
give more and ever more to it
of the passionate heat suns kissed in
ere cool'd by the impious curse?
of the pride in spiritual might
ere fell on man's bloom a blight,
and the better was deem'd the worse?



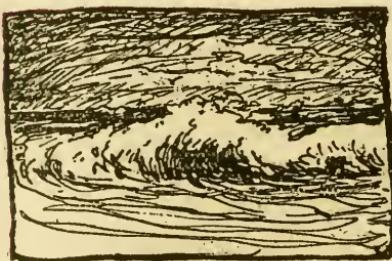
A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



HYMNS HYMENEAL

O Eros, sole god-head primeval,
1465 invisible witness thou wast
of the continents' upheaval,
from the warm love-languorous sea;
and again, the whelming urgenc
of waters that boil'd and toss'd
1470 o'er the slow voluptuous submergence
of the lands—from whom but from Thee?
Thou—atom to atom alliest,
commingling the alien and strange,
dissevering the likest and nighest,
1475 allowing no ultimate rest;
and marshall'd from chaos dismal,
undergoing mystical change,
the molecules stellar and prismal
crystals compose at thy hest.
1480 Thou givest flow'rs color and fragrance,
and honey,
that, pollen-shower'd,
unawares
the air's
1485 sunny
vagrants
to perform thy sweet tasks be empower'd.
Thou givest, many-hued
iridescent
1490 plumes to the birds; yea, throats
to trill, warble, pipe, whistle, incessant

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The nymphs
laud the divine
issue of wedded
Apollo and
Aphrodite, pre-
dicting the con-
descension of the
goddesses to hu-
man lovers.



HYMNS HYMENEAL



subdued

or triumphant rich notes.

1495 Of Thee, in thy season, all creatures
have special terror and grace;
softening man's fiercer features,
flushing maid's meekest face.

1500 Of Thee, all friendships, heart-duties,
devotions to social good,
all ardent faiths, luminous beauties,
pure manhood, strong womanhood.

1505 Far to near, and upper to nether,
lest they cease from being divine,
th' very Gods thou knittest together,
and their glory and honor is thine.

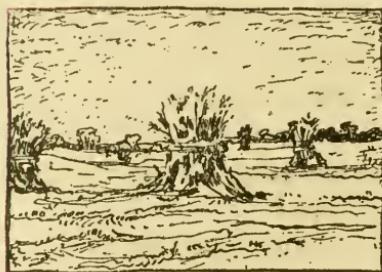
O Eros, the new ages shall feel Thee
binding earth and heaven so close
that lowliest souls shall reveal Thee
th' High God in the common and gross !

III. *The Nymphs.*

1510 The God of daylight, the Goddess of form aglow
O ancient Eros, 'tis Thou shalt affiance :
and glorious the race of new Gods that shall owe
their being to wedded Art and Science.
They shall dwell not idle in sky-courts remote
1515 high-wall'd on perpetual blue above cloud ;
nor shall incense that men to their honor devote
make them careless, cruel, ignobly proud ;



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



HYMNS HYMENEAL



no heav'ns shall they promise their worshippers
which never the living can hope to enter;

1520 nor teach scorn of Earth, and all that is hers,
on themselves men's devotions to center.

They shall live on the heights, but heights ter-
restrial

of difficult—yet possible—ascent;
master, not slay, in man what is bestial,
1525 to subserve the divine intent.

Nor icily chaste, without radiant issue,
shall the Goddesses, wondrously beautiful,
in crystal houses 'neath spreads of gold-tissue,
dream, languorous, on couches of cloudy wool.

1530 For the haughtiest hath an Endymion, an Adonis,
and knoweth some trysting-spot hallowed and
dear,

where she with him and her love alone is
in wood or glade, by fountain or mere.

1535 Because, never ideals can wed one another
though chosen manly spirits they may
blessedly love; but twice blessed the mother
of a hero who extends over earth her sway;
and thrice blessed the hero, the half-divine
who in his reflecteth his mother's face,

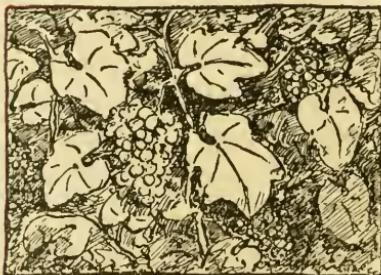
1540 whose gentleness, purity, sweetness refine
and ennable, in living and dying, his race!



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The maenads
shout jubilant-
ly, and extol the
wisdom and
justice shown in
the mating of
their godly sons
to maids of
earth.



HYMNS HYMENEAL

IV

O the Gods of masculine might,
the splendors eternally fated,
in vain with man would fight;
1545 not so could they wrest of him,
the truest, the best of him:
for their cruel perfection hated.
But, as Semele granted her beauty entire
to Zeus the wielder of heavenly fire;
1550 as Danae yielded (when a storm-shower of gold
fell through green boughs of hope) in the pas-
sionate fold
of his arms, to his fierce desire;
as once Ariadne, the woe-begone
tearful awoke in the blushful dawn
1555 to wed the wine-rapturous God of the bold;
as Clymene fair of hair
bowed dim in a flare of air
radiant and hot from her sunbright Apollo;
so the maidens of earth shall in ages to come
1560 be wooed of the gods in terrestrial disguise,
and whithersoever they flee will follow
Love with lustrous, worshipful eyes.
Of ideals joy-begotten and born of earth-agony,
womanhood grander shall visit mankind,
1565 courageous, strong, swift of foot, unable to fly on a
skyward ascent of spirit and mind;

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



HYMNS HYMENEAL

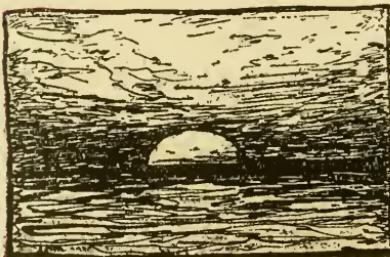
beautiful, pure of soul, feminine evermore—
sisterly, motherly, wifely sweet :—
might of brain, grace of heart, time shall not
 sever more
1570 married in womanhood final, complete.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Satyrs, pans and
maenads are
doomed not to
perish, but to
endure a benefi-
cent transform-
ation.



INTERLUDE



INTERLUDE

Satyrs— O Pans, fierce Pans, they have proph-
esied

the death of your savage day!

Pans— O Satyrs, Satyrs, they lied, they
lied—

t'is ye who must first give way!

1575 Satyrs— Nay, Apollo will slay the human
beast,

and man no more on man shall feast!

Pans— Aphrodite will conquer with a smile
your drunken lusts, and your laugh-
ters vile.

Maenads— O Satyr, O Pan, why quarrel for
naught?

1580 Not perish shall ye, but a change
endure:—

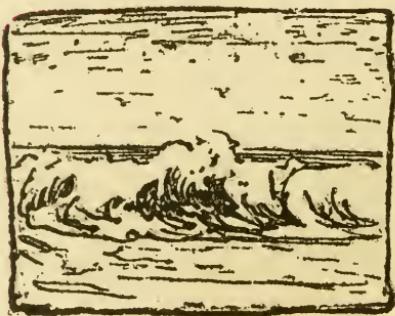
Pan to a terrible courage of thought,
Satyr to laughter joyously pure.

So shall ye serve man loyally both;
while soothing the wilder in us and
the rougher

1585 the ache, the bliss of spiritual growth
we Bacchic maidens as surely must
suffer.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



INTERLUDE

Maenads—But in all that man thinketh, and
feeleth, and willeth,
and in all that he doeth shall ours
be a part:
the self-oblivious enthusiasm that
filleth
with a sacred trust the mind and
the heart.

1590



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The water-nymphs see Aphrodite enthroned with Apollo in New Olympus.

Tree-nymphs describe the forest-shaded road that leadeth up the holy mount.



THE BANQUET OF THE GODS



THE BANQUET OF THE GODS

¤ I ¤

1. *The Naiads*

1595

Aphrodite Eucharis—
't is She,
in robe of dazzling dews
(see, see !)
throning aloft
pure, gentle, soft !
The locks—of Apollo beside her—diffuse
halo of sunny bliss,
glory of many hues !

2. *The Dryads*

1600

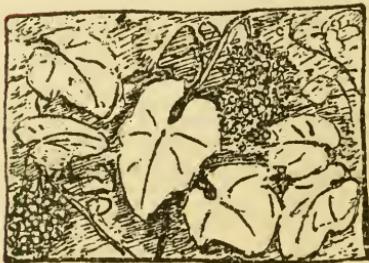
Tell us ! what shining street
winds up Olympus sheer ?
not surely for happy human feet ?
Can men and matrons, youths and maids
breathe air so pure ?
1605 a lustre endure
that fails not, nor fades ?
feel of the Gods no stifling fear ?



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Hill-nymphs
tell of human
procession as-
cending with
ease and jubi-
lation.



Together the
nymphs shout
for joy at the
splendor and
vastness of the
divine house.



THE BANQUET OF THE GODS



3. *The Oreads*

1610

O happier, devouter race !
yours no penance, pleadings
humiliant,
hero-sorrows vicarious,
and sore
intercedings ;
but footstep resilient
and life-glad face,
as ye come with jubilant cry
in labyrinthine-various
processional dance,
each, boldly to occupy
a rightful place
in the festal hall :—

1620

4. *Chorus of Nymphs*

1625

Ice-shiny floor,
cloud marble wall
and roofing expanse
of sky
over all !



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



Whereupon the charities praise the banquet at which Demeter dealeth out her broken bread of sorrow, feeding the soul to holy strength;



and the muses add thereto, that Dionysus pour-eth forth for all the blood-wine



THE BANQUET OF THE GODS

* II *

1. *The Charities*

Then at the board shall guest with host,
man with God sit down;
flowers spring forth that each loves most,
each crown'd with an odorous crown;
of pearl opalescent the massy dishes
are pil'd with all fruits that grow;
greetings of love, and pious wishes
set every face aglow!

1630

Then, lo!

Thou, Demeter,
shalt solemnly, slowly,
for Gods alike and for men,
break bread
most holy—

1635

(than all meat sweeter—
the loaf of grief and bereavement
ground, kneaded, parch'd with fire,)
that strengtheneth to great achievement,
and maketh the fed
aspire!

1640

1645

2. *The Muses*

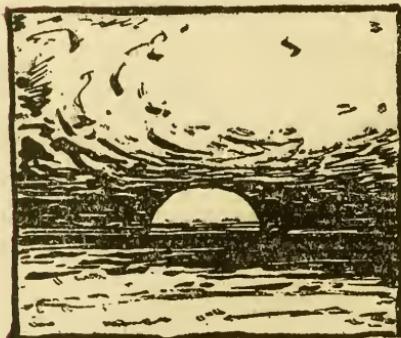
Dionysus, then, to their broken bread,
Thou wilt pour
more and more
in crystalline bowls

1650

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



of heroic self-immolation
that inspireth and rendereth divine.



The maenads, satyrs, pans, nymphs, charities, muses, all together, exult in the greatness of the Elusynian three, assuring them perpetuity of worship and



THE BANQUET OF THE GODS



iridescent,
the juices fire-red
of grape-clusters bruised,
sweet-scented

1655 with virtuous herbs aromatic:—
the hero-blood that from death-wounds ooz'd
as the slayers too late repented.

O Wine by worship of grateful souls
fermented;

1660 O Wine effervescent
with the final bliss of self-sacrifice
ecstatic;

O intoxicant Wine
without price

1665 from life's death-vat divine,—
beget in each drinker,
the lover's rapture Elysian,
the poet's fury, the prophet's vision,
the serene world-sight of the thinker!

3. *General Chorus.*

1670 Praise, praise everlasting
to Thee, O Demeter
to Thee, Dionysus, Thee daughter and bride
Persephone,—holy Gods of Eleusis:—
Thou who feedest the fasting

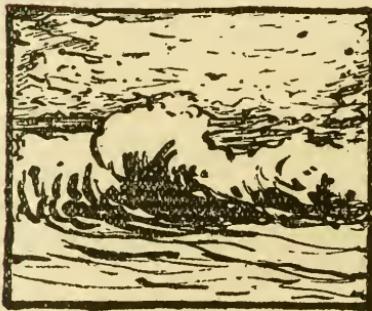
1675 to nourish the spiritual life of the eater,
thy food sanctifying for worthiest uses;



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



the tender re-
gard of men to
the last age of
the world.



THE BANQUET OF THE GODS

Thou who quenchest the thirst
for the best in the worst,
till at length their desires be satisfied;
1680 Thou who bindest with love the twain
in One;—

As on earth so in heaven ye see it is:
all thanks are held due,
and all honor is done
1685 to them who chose pain,
not pleasure;
great-hearted service, not griping sway;
who their might superhuman to measure
build up, give life,—not demolish and slay!

1690 Wherefore, O noble Eleusynian deities
we vow perpetual worship to you:
wherefore thro' the ages for ever and aye
though new names ye receive
again and again,

1695 no Gods more than You will we serve and believe,
sung of children, lov'd of women, hallow'd of men!





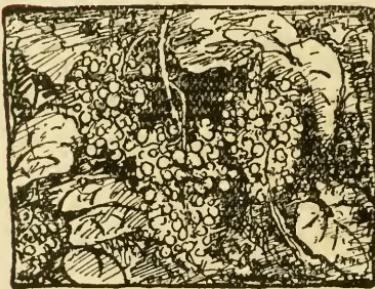
PART III
THE AFTERSONG



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



The final cho-
rus hath caused
the poet to fall
into an ecstasy;



so that he hath
a vision of the
city, erst foul
and dark, made
pure and full of
light;



THE AFTERSONG



I

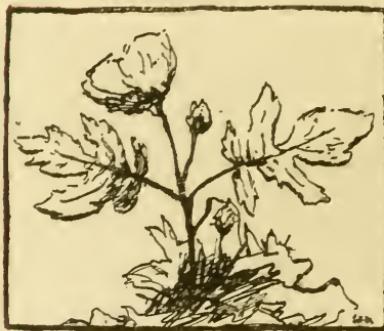
ROM the confluent torrents of praise
delirious waxed the dithyramb's
worshipful fury:
a vortex of rapture

5 symphonious, fast-swirling,
spray-bursts of clamor irrepressible,
gurgling eddies in eddies
of laughter, along on its surface
of melody; breaking
10 its uttermost edge to ecstatic surf
'gainst hill-shores reverberant,
its own violence engulfing
in the abysmal deep of itself.

II

Rapt to vertiginous pitch
15 above seeing and hearing, my soul
soar'd immobile in hush and void;
till again life-aware, no vision
deific disturb'd her incurious content. Below
stood fleckless my city, ethereal, clear;
20 reluctant with quivering wet
from the holy wash of the rain;
gables, chimneys, towers, pinnacles, spires,

A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



and straight-way he comprehendeth the meaning of the entire vision.



THE AFTERSONG



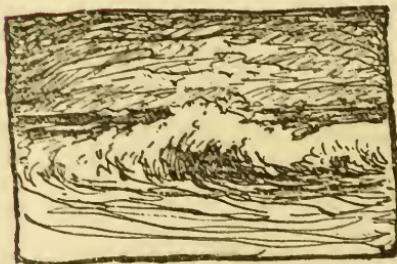
to crystal transmuted, clove eager
the vitreous, light-vibrant air;
25 spark'd, gleam'd, flicker'd, flar'd, flash'd
in the downpour of sunshine, whence swollen
the fulgurant gold river flowed large
to vanish behind proud heights
whereon lean'd the verge of the sky.

III

30 Then, a swift assurance of my mind
took unreasoning possession. Before me
was the foretold wonder in symbol fulfill'd:
coarse stuff of earth, deem'd hitherto foul,
now illustrious with spiritual ardor; quick beams
35 into wastes of dark nothing hurl'd
uselessly forth, fix'd now
in substantial splendor for man.
And, as Demeter, ancient mother
of sorrow, as Dionysus with blood-spotted
40 garment, the bridegroom, undaunted
of death, (in mystical fellowship held
at Eleusis by love for the daughter, the bride
Persephone,) hail'd Apollo,
Aphrodite hail'd, (in the myth
45 of my dreaming,) their beneficent
sway to divide o'er the fortunes of man:
So, Life
with studied iniquity



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



THE AFTERSONG



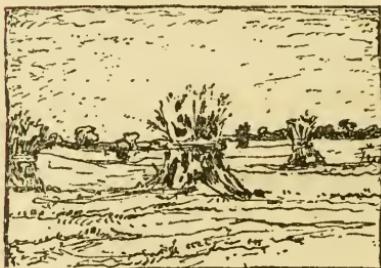
dealing her doom of anguish
50 selective, that the many thereby
become few or barren, while the few
mother many in their forfeited
room at ease;
So, Life
55 inspiring his chosen
the impossible to dare, with folly
of will, that the few thus perish, and live
in the marvel of the many a multiplied
life of lives;
60 So, the world's
dire powers propulsive
(at one in their passion alone
for unfolding might and grace.)
Evolution!—
65 Revolution!—
invite
to a share in their secular
toil, makers of man than they
less cruel; for, with vital doctrine Science,
70 enamor'd, impregnateth Art, who in joy
bringeth deathless ideals to the day,
nobler, more vigorous, lords of a higher
heaven, earth-transfigurers, begetters brave,
yea, and beautiful bearers of men
75 in their likeness,
after their kind.



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



But his wonder
waxeth greater
when the city
changeth to a
vast theatre;



and forthwith
expandeth to his
country—as the
stage for the
final display to



THE AFTERSONG

IV



Comforted gazed I, though tears
of gratitude dimm'd my sight.
For the city on a sudden became
a sun-dazzling arena
immense; and her girdle
of hills with their shelving
streets (huge benches, tier over tier
for intent spectators,) swept
80 amphitheatre-wise about; and the river
a choric procession, white-vested,
an altar large
encircl'd solemn and slow
with song; but beyond
85 and above them, larger, arose
the altar heroic for human
oblation of bravery, rectitude, slain
of their slayers but to triumph
in them,
90 o'er the wisdom of scarring
experience, at last,
as faiths inborn, and instinctive smiles!

V

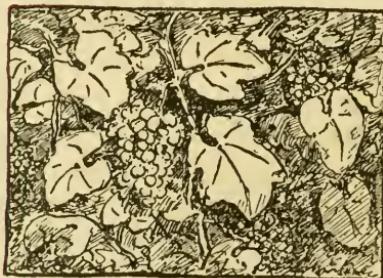
Bewilder'd, I star'd (though passionate
tears continued to blind me,) far
100 athwart sky-reaches
diaphanous, without



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



the world of the
God in man.



The poet, be-
wildered and
amazed, dareth
not disbelieve
the truth of the
vision; where-
fore he declareth
it to his fellow-



THE AFTERSONG



end; the elusive
horizon receding apace, till man's
arena of achievement
105 outspread to the length, in my view,
and the breadth of the land
best-beloved, by a monstrous
half-ring

110 environ'd, of eternal
main-lands sea-welded
together (the shine of vast strands
with shine of wide waters blent,)—Europe
and Africa east, and to southward
America; Australia

115 with Asia in the west;—
the terrestrial amphitheatre's
round, where the nations throng
agape, young and old
at the spectacle new, the last act
120 of hell,—heaven's first:
the deification of Man!

VI

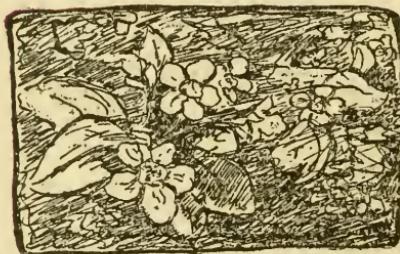
Then close my eyes shut, by the portent
dismayed, lest the former despair
had bestowed no miraculous gift
125 of far sight prophetic, but mock'd me instead
with hallucinations: "Too good,
too beautiful," cried I aloud,



A VISION OF NEW HELLAS



men, that they may decide whether it shall be proven true or false:—for in present deeds, make they the fate beautiful or hideous of all time to be.



THE AFTERSONG

“for wildest belief!” But gently
my panic allayed to a calm
certitude strange of great joy.
130 Soft at my soul’s ear Hope
whisper’d: “Too good, too beautiful
not to be true—yea, and soon
true for thee, true for me
somehow, somewhere, sometime!”
135 Though the storm of seership
still’d, I linger’d serene
on the sheer height awhile of Culture
Hellenic, at peace with my bliss—
140 and smil’d; for I caught myself unawares
murmuring (some burden of a hymn
in sweet dreams heard,)
“Surely it should be, wherefore
it shall be, it must be, it is
145 as I saw it and see it again,
and in vision have shown it to thee!”

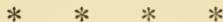


MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.



DEAR READER:

Once upon a time it was the custom for an author to address you as "kind," "intelligent," "affable," "discreet," "appreciative;" for he had, of course, a very reasonable expectation of the compliment's return in due season with interest compounded at leisure. Alas, those easy-going days are no more. Fame is not to be so cheaply earned. Meanwhile, every writer, who is also a reader, well knows that with the multiplication of books, good and bad, no sane person is omnivorous nowadays, but, according to temperament and profession, more or less strictly herbivorous, granivorous or carnivorous. There must then surely be those among any author's friends who desire to praise his performance fairly to his face, or fault it candidly behind his back, without the agonizing preparation of a personal perusal thereof. Fully appreciating such friends, and eager to put them in his debt by a piece of thoughtfulness, an old-fashioned "argument" is painstakingly set down here.



ARGUMENT OF A VISION OF NEW HELLAS.

The poet, disgusted with the modern industrial and commercial civilization (symbolized by the city in foul weather), climbs the hill of Hellenic culture in hopes of seeing the eternal blue of heaven. He is disappointed. Though the smoke-pall of sordidness is below him, the cloud-sky of pessimism continues overhead.

In his despair, the ancient harvest-home goddess Demeter appears, and explains to the poet what is really going on in the city below: a development of the race by competition. Then arrives the vintage-

MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

god of life, Dionysus, and makes himself known to Demeter as the husband of her daughter, Persephone, goddess of bloom, mistakenly supposed to have been carried off by Aidoneus, the god of death. Dionysus explains that he, the god of life, is indeed the god of death, because he is the god of heroes; that he is the slayer of the good and the noble, only in order that in their torture their true glory might be displayed. Thereupon Demeter adopts Dionysus as her son.

In the joy of union between mother, daughter and son, they together resolve to bring again to life Aphrodite, the beauty of form, and Apollo, the light of the mind. Dionysus prophesies that in the modern world these shall be wedded (as they were not in Hellas), and that from them shall in time spring a new race of gods (ideals) which shall mingle with mankind, and uplift them till God and men can feast together at one divine board.

Here the poet awakes from his vision. The prophetic storm has cleared the sky. The wind has dissipated the smoke, and the city stands beneath him in august beauty: the arena for the heroes of to-day.

The poem concludes with an interpretation of the vision, which justifies our highest hopes for the race that shall inhabit the new and greater Hellas, and shall ever lovingly worship the hero-god as the god of life and death.

* * * *

Furthermore, dear reader, the author would fain observe that although the pedigree of the printer's devil is shockingly brief, stretching back at best only to mediæval days, this mythological parvenu has intruded his obnoxious person into the hallowed precincts of our classic poem; and here follows an enumeration of his unseemly pranks.

ERRATA.

Page 37, verse 98: A parenthesis is missing at the end of the line.

Page 55, verse 293: Read *fire* instead of *ire*.

Page 113, verse 914: Read *Cyprus* for *Cypress*.

Page 141, verse 1207, and page 155, verse 1360: Read *Melpomenos* for *Melphomenos*.

Page 160: Read (in rubric) *polytheism* for *poletheism*.

Page 184: Read (in rubric) *Eleusynian* for *Elusynian*.

* * * *

MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

In conclusion, dear reader, lest at some remotely future day "he should wake up and find himself" prematurely "famous," and therefore desire to justify his extollers by a careful examination of this, his first mature performance, but should find himself sorely let and hindered by the then mildewed state of his Olympian lore; provident of contingencies, your author has appended (purely for his personal convenience, be it remembered) a mythological glossary, the which Professor Frederick L. Schoenle, of the University of Cincinnati, has been good enough to compile.

Dionysus was god of flippant jest as well as of bloody earnest, so his bard's soberest communication need not be taken altogether seriously; and if facetiously taken it should prove insipid, he knows you will not hesitate to provide from your own cellar a grain or two of salt with which all solemn asseverations should doubtless be seasoned even when dished in old-fashioned phrase. He laughs best who laughs at his own expense; for his mirth puts him in no neighbor's debt. Wherefore please to excuse, dear, kind, intelligent, discreet, sympathetic, long suffering, affable reader, the epistolary loquacity of your most obliged, humbly obedient servant and sincerest well-wisher,

THE AUTHOR.

MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.



ADONIS (ä-dō'nis).

Son of Cinyras and Myrrha, favorite of Aphrodite, slain by a boar. The death of Adonis (Thammuz) was annually wept. He was an oriental God of nature, typifying the cycle of the seasons.

AEGIPAN (ä'ji-pan). See *Pan*.

AIDONEUS (a-ē-dōn'ūs).

The Invisible; the God of the nether world, son of Kronos and Rhea, brother to Zeus; one of the chief Olympians, commonly called Hades.

APHRODITE (äf-rō-di'ty).

Goddess of love and beauty, born of the foam of the sea off the coast of Cyprus, wife of Hephaestus, paramour of Ares. Probably of Asiatic origin.

APOLLO (ä-pol'ō).

One of the great Olympian gods, son of Zeus and Leto, brother of Artemis, born in Delos, originally identical with the Sun-god Helios. Lord of the light and life-giving, as well as of the death-dealing power of the sun; the all-seeing and all-knowing teacher of prophecy and truth; the master of sanity; the lord of healing; the god of harmony, hence of music, song, and poetry; leader of the muses, and patron of artists.

ARIADNE (äri-äd'ny).

Daughter of Minos, King of Crete; assists Theseus out of the

labyrinth, is abandoned by him on the island of Naxos, where Dionysus finds and weds her.

BACCHUS (bäk'us).

The Shouter; a title of Dionysus as the riotous god. See *Iacchus*.

BROMIOS (brō'mi-os).

The Noisy, the Boisterous; an epithet of Dionysus in his function of Fire-god in the crashing lightning and the roaring of volcanoes. In the Bacchic orgies the Bacchantes would imitate the noise of their god by the beating and thumping of drums.

CHARITIES.

The triad, daughters of Charis [kā'ris], (the personification of social charm and beauty), better known to moderns by their Latin name, Graces.

CLYMENE (klim'e-ny).

Daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, wife of Iapetus, and mother of Atlas and Prometheus.

CYCLADES (sik'-lä-dēz).

A group of twelve islands in the Aegean Sea, forming a ring, a cycle, around the island of Delos.

CYPRUS (si'prus).

Name derived from its rich copper mines; favorite abode of Aphrodite.

DANAE (dän'ä-y).

The daughter of Acrisius of Ar-

MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

gos. Shut up in a brazen tower by her father, lest she become mother of a son fated to slay him; there she is visited by Zeus in a shower of gold, and gives birth to Perseus (the Slayer).

DELOS (dē'los).

The smallest island of the Cyclades, in the Aegean Sea, sacred to Apollo and Artemis, and their birthplace. According to one Greek legend it was originally a *floating island*, until Zeus fixed it to receive Leto: according to another legend it became *visible* on a sudden.

DEMETER (de-mē'ter).

Goddess of agriculture and rural life, protectress of the home and social order, mother of Persephone, worshipped specially in Eleusis, and one of the great Olympian deities.

DIONYSUS (di-ō-ni'sus).

"God of the Heavenly Dew," the god of wine, the god of the fire-spirit of life, the god of enthusiastic frenzy and orgyastic worship. A god of manifold forms and manifestations, see Bromios, Bacchus, Dithyrambos, Melpomenos, Iacchus, Zagreus. Prematurely born in Thebes, of Semele, the beloved of Zeus, amid thunder and lightning, he was saved by his sire after the death of his mother. Our best source of information concerning his worship is the *Bacchae* of Euripides.

DITHYRAMB (dith'i-ramb).

A choral song, accompanied by flutes and mimic dance, in honor first of Dionysus, afterwards of others, gods and men. Origin of the word unknown. According to the writer's conjecture the word

dithyrambos applied originally to the god himself as a special title, like Iacchus, and later came to signify the song of worship. The etymological meaning of *dithyrambos* the writer believes to be: the-fire-hurled-from-heaven.

DRYADS (dri'adz).

Tree-nymphs, nymphs residing in trees, as their life-spirits.

ELEUSIS (e-lū'sis).

An old city of Attica, with an ancient cult of Demeter and Persephone, seat of the famous Eleusinian mysteries.

ELYSIAN (ē-lizh'i-an).

The Elysian fields are placed by Homer on the west border of the earth, near to Ocean; favored heroes passed there without death. Hesiod's and Pindar's Elysium is in the Islands of the Blest. From these legends arose the fabled Atlantis, and Elysium was then placed in the nether world as abode of the souls of the good, answering to Tartarus, the nether region of the damned.

ENDYMION (en-dim'i-on).

A beautiful youth who had fallen asleep in a cave on Mount Latmus, where he was kissed by Selene (the moon).

EROS (ē'ros).

Eros, the primeval God of love, offspring of Chaos; the creative power of affinity and union among the elements of the world; to be distinguished from Eros (Cupid), the youngest of gods, Aphrodite's sportive son.

EUCHARIS (ū'kā-ris).

The Graceful, an epithet of the goddess Aphrodite.

MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

EVOI (ē-woi').

Bacchanalian exclamation.

HADES (hā'dēz).

(a) The Lord of the nether world, identical with Aidoneus, brother of Zeus, husband of Persephone.
(b) The nether world of the spirits of the dead.

HELLENIC (hel-en'ic).

Grecian, from Hellenes [Greeks], inhabitants of Hellas [Greece].

HEPHAESTUS (he-fes'tus).

Son of Zeus and Hera, god of fire as used in art, and master of all the arts which need the aid of fire, especially of working in metal.

HERMES (her'mēz).

Son of Zeus and of Maia, the goddess of despatch. Hence Hermes is the messenger of the gods; the conductor of defunct spirits; the giver of good luck, with especial reference to the increase of cattle; the god of all secret dealings, of cunning, of craft, of traffic, and skill; the tutelary god of markets, roads, and of heralds.

IACCHUS (i-ak'us).

(a) The Oft-Shouter. The mystic name of Dionysus as companion of Demeter and Persephone in the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries.

(b) The festal shouting-song in honor of the god.

Iacchus, originally Vi-Vacchus, is the reduplicated form of Bacchus [the shouter], hence conveys an intensified meaning.

LETO (lē'tō).

The hidden; daughter of the Titans, Coccus and Phoebe, goddess

of heavenly night, mother of Apollo and Artemis, god and goddess of sun and moon.

LOXIAN (lox'i-an).

The oblique; epithet of Apollo, originally with reference to the slanting rays of the Sun-god, then applied figuratively to the Prophet-god's ambiguous oracles.

MAENADS (mē'nads).

The Frenzied Ones; a general epithet of the female votaries of Dionysus, both human and divine.

MELPOMENOS (mel-pom'e-nos).

The Bard; an epithet of Apollo as the lyre-playing leader of the chorus of Muses. Also a special title of Dionysus in his relation to the Muses.

MUSAGETES (mū-saj'e-tez).

The conductor of the Muses; an epithet of Apollo.

MUSES (mūz'ez).

Emanations of Dionysus; according to the more usual version daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne. At first goddesses of memory, then inspiring goddesses of song, finally goddesses of the different kinds of poetry, of the arts and sciences. No definite number is fixed in the Homeric poems; later three, afterwards nine are mentioned. The Muses are intimately connected with Apollo Musagetes.

NAIADS (nā'yads).

Water-nymphs; nymphs residing in springs and streams, the life-spirits of springs and streams.

NEREUS (nē'rē-us, or nē'rūs).

A Sea-god, father of the fifty Nereids, sea-nymphs.

MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

OLYMPUS (ō-lim'pus).

The name of various sacred mountains, but especially of the mountain on the Macedonian frontier of Thessaly. In the Iliad this mountain is conceived as the seat and home of the Olympian gods, who have their mansions on the highest peak and in the dells below. The Iliad draws a sharp distinction between Mount Olympus and the firmament of heaven; but in the Odyssey the two terms seem to be identical and interchangeable.

OREADS (ō'rē-ads).

Hill-nymphs, mountain-nymphs, nymphs residing in mountains and hills, the life-spirits of mountains and hills.

PACTOLUS (päk-tō'lus).

A small river in Lydia, Asia Minor, celebrated, in early antiquity, for its gold.

PAN (pän).

The god of pastures, forests, and flocks. Arcadia his main seat of worship. Son of Hermes by a Nymph; represented with goat's feet (hence the name Aegipan), horns, and shaggy hair. Sometimes conceived as surrounded by fellows like himself.

PARNASSUS (pär-nas'us).

A mountain ridge near ancient Delphi. The ridge has two lower peaks, about 2000 feet above sea-level. These are the twin-peaks of Roman and modern poets. But the summit rises high above these peaks, about 8000 feet above sea-level. The high ground above the two lower peaks, but below the summit of Parnassus, consists of uplands stretching about 16

miles westward from the summit. These uplands were the scene of Dionysiac festivals, as well as the haunts of Apollo, Dionysus, the Muses, and Nymphs.

PERSEPHONE (per-sēf'o-ny).

Daughter of Demeter; wife of Ai-doneus; queen of the under-world, residing six months of the year in Olympus, six months in the infernal regions. Intimately associated with the mysteries of Eleusis. The etymological meaning of the name is, "she who brings [vegetation] to light."

PHOEBUS (fē'būs).

The Shining One; an epithet of Apollo.

POSEIDON (pō-sī'don).

Son of Kronos and Rhea, brother of Zeus; one of the chief Olympians, god of the water, especially of the sea, husband of Amphitrite.

PROTEUS (prō'tē-us, and prō'tūs).

A sea-god, son of Oceanus and Tethys, who could assume different forms; hence *protean*.

PYTHIAN (pith'i-an).

An epithet of Apollo, who slew the serpent or dragon Python possessed of the spirit of soothsaying. In Delphi, at the foot of Mount Parnassus, deep under the earth the god buried the Python, from whose *rotting* remains magic vapors would rise through a chasm, to prepare the Pythia, the prophetess of the Delphic oracle, for the inspirations of Apollo. The slaying and burial of the Python [the symbol of Earth Oracular] mark the advent of the Apollinic cult in Delphi, and the absorption of the old by the new cult.

MYTHOLOGICAL GLOSSARY.

SATYR (sā-ter).

Companion of Dionysus, represented with long pointed ears, snub nose, goat's tail, small budding horns behind the ears, and later with goat's legs. Sylvan deity, typifying the luxuriant growth in nature.

SEMELE (sem'e-ly).

Daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, mother of Dionysus by Zeus.

SILENUS (si-lē'nus).

Foster-father and constant companion of Dionysus; father of the Satyrs, a sylvan deity.

STYX (stiks).

The hateful; a river of the nether world, the tenth part of the water of Oceanus; also the nymph of this river, eldest daughter of Oceanus and Tethys.

TARTARUS (tär'tä-rus).

A deep and sunless abyss, as far below Hades, as earth is below heaven, the prison of the Titans. Later, Tartarus was either the nether world generally, synonymous with Hades, or the regions of the spirits of the damned, as opposed to the Elysian fields.

THYRSUS (ther'sus).

The Bacchic wand, carried by the votaries of Dionysus in their orgies; a staff tipped with a pine-cone, sometimes wreathed in ivy and vine-branches. The word seems to apply originally to the

resinous pine-torch used in the torch-festivals of the god.

TITANS (ti'tanz).

A race of primordial gods, six sons and six daughters of Uranus and Gaia [Heaven and Earth], viz.: Oceanus, Coeus, Crius, Hyperion, Iapetus, Kronos; Theia, Rhea, Themis, Mnemosyne, Phoebe, Tethys. At first their abode was in heaven; but when Zeus, the son of Kronos, dethroned his father, he thrust them, after a terrific struggle, into the nether darkness of Tartarus. They are the gigantic representatives of the violent forces of Chaos.

TRITON (trī'ton).

Son of Poseidon and Amphrite, a gigantic sea-deity. Later used in the plural to denote a lower race of sea-gods, the companions of the Nereids.

ZAGREUS (zä'grüs).

The Hunter of Life; special title of Dionysus in his relation to Hades.

ZEPHYRUS (zef'i-rus).

The personification of the west wind, soft and gentle.

ZEUS (zūs).

The supreme deity of the world, the chief of the Olympian gods, son of Kronos and Rhea, king and father of gods and men, husband of Hera, lord of the starry heavens, master of all celestial phenomena.



